

DON CARLOS
Prince of Spain:
A
TRAGEDY:

As it is Acted at the
Duke's Theatre.

Written by *T H O M A S O T W A Y*.

Principibus placuisse Viris non Ultima Laus est. Hor.

The Second Edition Corrected.

L O N D O N,
Printed by *E. Flesher*, for *R. Tonson*, at
his Shop within *Grays-Inn-Gate*, next
Grays-Inn-Lane. 1679.

DOM CARLOS

Price of 2 p. 10.

Y D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

As it is a good as the

Duke's Theatre.

WITNESSES

Principles of the Law of the State of New York.

The Second Edition Corrected.

1000000

Printed by E. Haffner, for R. Taylor,
this Shop within Old-bow Church-yard.
Glasgow.

TO
His Royal Highness,
THE
DUKE.

SIR,

TIS an approv'd Opinion, There's not so Unhappy a Creature in the World, as the Man that wants Ambition: for certainly he lives to very little use that onely toils in the same Round, and, because he knows where he is, though in a dirty Road, dares not venture on a smother Path, for fear of being lost. That I am not the Wretch I condemn, Your Royal Highness may be sufficiently convinc'd, in that I durst presume to put this Poem under Your Patronage. My Motives to it were not Ordinary: For, besides my own propensity to take any opportunity of publishing, the extream Devotion I owe Your Royal Highness, the mighty Encouragement I received from Your Approbation of it when presented on the Stage, was hint enough to let me know at whose Feet it ought to be laid. Yet whilst I doe this, I am sensible the Curious World will expect some Panegyrick on those Heroick Vertues which are throughout it so much Admir'd. But as they are a Theam too great for my Undertaking, so onely to endeavour at the truth of 'em, must, in the distance between my obscurity and their height, savour of a Flattery, which in Your Royal Highness's esteem I would not be thought guilty of: though in that part of 'em which relates to myself, (viz. Your Favours shew'd on a thing so mean as I am) I know

The Epistle Dedicatory.

not how to be silent. For You were not onely so indulgent as to bestow Your Praise on this, but ev'n (beyond my hopes) to declare in favour of my First Essay of this nature, and adde yet the encouragement of Your Commands to goe forward, when I had the Honour to kiss Your Royal Highnesse's Hand, in token of Your permission to make a Dedication to You of the Second. I must confess, and boast, I am verry proud of it; and it were enough to make me more, were I not sensible how far I am Undeserving. Yet when I consider You never give Your Favours precipately, but that it is a certain sign of some Desert when You vouchsafe to promote: I, who have terminated my best hopes in it, should doe wrong to Your Goodness, should I not let the World know, my mind as well as my Condition is rais'd by it. I am certain none that know Your Royal Highness will disapprove my aspiring to the Service of so Great and so Good a Master; One who (as is apparent by all those who have the Honour to be near You, and know You by that Title) never rais'd without Merit, or discountenanc'd without Justice. 'Tis that indeed obliging Severity which has in all men created an awfull Love and Respect towards You, since in the firmness of Your Resolution the brave and good man is sure of You, whilst the ill-minded and malignant fears You. This I could not pass over, and I hope Your Royal Highness will pardon it, since 'tis unaffectedly my Zeal to You, who am in nothing so Unfortunate, as that I have not a better opportunity to let You and the World know how much I am

Your Royal Highnesse's most humble,
most faithfull and most obedient
Servant,

Tho. Otway.

The PREFACE

Reader,

TIs not that I have any great affection to scribbling, that I pester thee with a *Preface*; for amongst Friends 'tis almost as poor a Trade with Poets, as it is with those that write Hackney under *Attorneys*, it will hardly keep us in *Ale* and *Cheese*. Honest *Ariosto* began to be sensible of it in his time, who makes his Complaint to this purpose;

*I pitty those who in these latter days
Do Write, when Bounty hath shut up her Gate;
Where day and night in vain good Writers knock,
And for their Labours oft have but a Mock.*

Thus I find it according to Sir *John Harrington's* Translation: had I understood *Italian*, I would have given it thee in the Originall; but that is not my Talent. Therefore to proceed: This Play was the Second that ever I writ, or thought of writing. I must confess I had often a Titillation to Poetry, but never durst venture on my Muse, till I got her into a Corner in the Country: and then, like a bashfull young Lover, when I had her private, I had Courage to fumble, but never thought she would have produc'd any thing; till at last, I know not how, ere I was aware, I found my self Father of a Dramatick birth, which I call'd *Alcibiades*: but I might, without offence to any person in the Play, as well have call'd it *Nebuchadnezzar*; for my Hero, to doe him right, was none of that squeamish Gentleman I make him, but would as little have bogg'd at the obliging the Passion of a young and be useful Lady, as I should my self, had I the same opportunities which I have given him. This I publish to antedat the Objections some people may make against that Play, who have been (and much good may it doe 'em) very severe, as they think, upon this. Whoever they are. I am sure I never disoblig'd them; nor have they (thank my good fortune) much injur'd me: in the mean while I forgive 'em, and since I am out of the reach on't, leave 'em to chew the

Cud

The Preface.

Cud on their own Venom. I am well satisfi'd I had the greatest party of men of wit and sense on my side: amongst which I can never enough acknowledge the unspeakable Obligations I received from the *Earl of R.* who, far above what I am ever able to deserve from him, seem'd almost to make it his business, to establish it in the good opinion of the *King* and his *Royal Highness*; from both of which I have since received Confirmations of their good Liking of it, and Encouragement to proceed. And it is to him, I must in all gratitude confess, I owe the greatest part of my good success in this, and on whose Indulgency I extreemly build my hopes of a next. I dare not presume to take to my self what a great many, and those (I am sure) of good Judgement too, have been so kind to afford me, (*viz.*) That it is the best Heroick Play that has been written of late: for, I thank Heaven, I am not yet so vain. But this I may modestly boast of, which the Authour of the *French Ber-nice* has done before me, in his Preface to that Play, that it never fail'd to draw Tears from the Eyes of the Auditors; I mean, those whose Souls were capable of so Noble a pleasure: for 'twas not my business, to take such as onely come to a Play-house to see Farce-fools, and laugh at their own deformed Pictures. Though a certain Writer, that shall be nameless, (but you may guess at him by what follows) being ask'd his opinion of this Play, very gravely Cock't, and cry'd, *Igad he knew not a line in it he would be Authour of.* But he is a fine Facetious witty Person, as my Friend *Sir Formal* has it; and to be even with him, I know a Comedy of his, that has not so much as a Quibble in it which I would be Authour of. And so, Reader, I bid him and thee

Farewell.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

When first our Authour took this Play in hand,
 He doubted much, and long was at a stand.
 He knew the Fame and Memory of Kings
 Were to be treated of as Sacred things.
 Not as th' are represented in this Age,
 Where they appear the Lumber of the Stage;
 Us'd onely just for reconciling Tools,
 Or, what is worse, made Villains, all, or Fools.
 Besides, the Characters he shows to Night,
 He found were very difficult to write.
 He found the Fame of France and Spain at stake,
 Therefore long paus'd, and fear'd which part to take:
 Till this his Judgment safest understood,
 To make 'em both Heroick as he cou'd.
 But now the greatest stop was yet unpass'd;
 He found himself, Alas! confin'd too fast.
 He is a man of Pleasures, Sirs, like you,
 And therefore hardly could to bus'ness bow:
 Till at the last he did this Conquest get,
 To make his Pleasure whetstone to his Wit.
 So sometimes for variety he writ.
 But as those Block-heads who discourse by Rote,
 Sometimes speak sense, although they rarely know't;
 So he scarce knew to what his Work would grow;
 But 'twas a Play because it would be so.
 Yet well he knows this is a weak pretence,
 For Idleness is the worst want of Sense.
 Let him not now of Carelesness be taxt,
 He'll write in earnest when he writes the next.
 Meanwhile
 Prune his superfluous Branches, never spare;
 Yet doe it kindly, be not too severe:
 He may bear better Fruit another year.

Persons represented By

<i>Philip the 2^d K. of Spain.</i>	<i>Mr. Batterton.</i>
<i>Don Carlos his Son.</i>	<i>Mr. Smith</i>
<i>Don John of Austria.</i>	<i>Mr. Harris.</i>
<i>Marquiss of Posa the</i>	<i>Mr. Grosby.</i>
<i>Prince's Confident. }</i>	
<i>Rui-Gomez.</i>	<i>Mr. Medbourn.</i>

<i>Queen of Spain.</i>	<i>Mrs. Mary Lee.</i>
<i>Dutchess of Eboli, Wife }</i>	<i>Mrs. Shadwell.</i>
<i>to R. Gomez.</i>	
<i>Henrietta.</i>	<i>Mrs. Gibbs.</i>
<i>Garcia.</i>	<i>Mrs. Gillow.</i>

<i>Officer of the Guards.</i>	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
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Books lately printed for *Richard Tonson.*

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[1]

Don CARLOS

PRINCE of SPAIN.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT the First. SCENE the First.

A Palace Royal.

*The Curtain drawn discovers the King and Queen Attended,
Don Carlos, the Marquess of Posa, Rui-Gomez, &c.
Eboli, Henrietta, Garcia, Attendants, Guards.*

King.

HAppy the Monarch on whose Brow no Cares
Adde weight to the bright Diadem he wears;
Like me, in all that he can wish for, blest.
Renown and Love, the gentlest calms of Rest
And Peace, adorn my Brow, enrich my Breast.
To me great Nations Tributary are;
Though whilst my vast Dominions spread so far,
Where most I reign, I must pay Homage, here.
Approach bright Mistress of my purest Vows,
Now shew me him that more Religion owes
To Heav'n, or to its Altars more Devoutly bows.

} [To the
Queen.

B

Don

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

Don Carlos. So Merchants, cast upon some Savage Coast,
Are forc'd to see their dearest Treasures lost.

Curse! What's Obedience? a false Notion made
By Priests, who when they found old Cheats decay'd, } [aside.
By such new Arts kept up declining Trade.
A Father? Oh! ———

King. ——— Why does my *Carlos* throwd
His Joy, and when all's Sunshine wear a Cloud?
My Son, thus for thy Glory I provide;
From this fair Charmer and our Royal Bride
Shall such a Noble Race of Hero's spring,
As may adorn the Court when thou art King.

D. Car. A greater Glory I can never know
Then what already I enjoy in You.
The brightest Ornaments of Crowns and Powers
I onely can admire as they are Yours.

K. Heav'n! how he stands unmov'd! not the least shov }
Of Transport.

D. Car. ——— Not admire your Happiness? I do }
As much admire it as I rev'rence You.

Let me express the mighty Joy I feel. } *Kneels to the*
Thus, Sir, I pay my Duty when I kneel. } *Queen.*

Queen. How hard it is his Passion to confine!
I'm sure 'tis so, if I may judge by mine. [aside.
Alas, my Lord, y'are too obsequious now. [To Carlos.

D. Carlos. Oh! might I but enjoy this Pleasure still,
Here would I worship, and for ever kneel.

Queen. 'Fore Heav'n, my Lord, you know not what you doe.

King. Still there appears Disturbance on his Brow:
And in his Looks an Earnestness I read,
Which from no common Causes can proceed. [aside.
I'll probe him deep ———

——— When, when, my dearest Joy, [To the Queen.
Shall I the mighty debt of Love defray?

Hence to Love's secret Temples let's retire, }
There on his Altars kindle th'Am'rous fire, }
Then Phoenix-like each in the flame expire. }

Still he is fixt ——— [Looking on D. Carlos.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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—————Gomez, observe the Prince. [To R. Gomez.

Yet smile on me my charming Excellence.

Virgins should onely Fears and Blufhes show;

But you must lay aside that Title now.

The Doctrine which I preach by Heav'n is good:

Oh the impetuous Sallies of my Blood!

Queen. To what unwelcome Joys I'm forc'd to yield?

Now Fate her utmost malice has fulfill'd.

Carlos, farewell: for since I must submit—

King. Now wing'd with rapture let us fly, my Sweet.

My Son, all Troubles from thy Breast resign,

And let thy Father's Happiness be thine. { *Exeunt K. and Q. attended.*

Q. attended.

D. C. What King, what God would not his Pow'r forgoe,
T'enjoy so much Divinity below?

T'enjoy so much Divinity below?

Didst thou behold her, *Posa*? —

Pofa. Sir, I did.

D. Car. And is she not a sweet one? such a Bride,

O *Posa*, once she was decreed for mine:

Once I had hopes of Bliss. Hadst thou but seen

How blest, how proud I was, if I could get

But leave to lie a Prostrate at her Feet.

Ev'n with a Look I could my Pains beguile ;

Nay she in pity too would sometimes smile ;

Till at the last my Vows successfull prov'd,

And one day fighting she confess'd the lov'd.

Oh! then I found no limits to our Joy.

With Eyes thus languishing we lookt all day;

So vigorous and strong we darted Beams,

Our meeting Glances kindled into Flames ;

Nothing we found that promis'd not Delight:

For when rude Shades depriv'd us of the light,

As we had gaz'd all day, we dreamt all night.

But after all these Labours undergone,

A cruel Father thus destroys his Son ;

In their full height my choicest Hopes beguiles,

And robs me of the fruit of all my Toils.

My dearest *Posa*, thou wert ever kind ;

Bring thy best Counsel, and direct my Mind.

*Enter Gomez.**R. Go.* Still he is here— My Lord,*D. Car.* ——— Your Business now?

R. Go. I've with concern beheld your Clouded Brow.
 Ah! though y'ave lost a Beauty well might make
 Your strictest Honour and your Duty shake,
 Let not a Father's Ills misguide your Mind,
 But be Obedient, though he's prov'd unkind.

D. Car. Hence, Cynick, to dull Slaves thy Morals teach,
 I have no leisure now to hear thee Preach.
 Still you'll usurp a Power o're my Will.

R. Go. Sir, you my Services interpret ill:
 Nor need it be so soon forgot, that I
 Have been your Guardian from your Infancy,
 When to my Charge committed, I alone
 Instructed you how to expect a Crown;
 Taught you Ambition, and Wars noblest Arts,
 How to lead Armies, and to conquer Hearts;
 Whilst, though but Young,——
 You would with pleasure read of Sieges got,
 And smile to hear of bloody Battels fought:
 And still, though not controul, I may advise.

D. Car. Alas, thy Pride wears a too thin Disguise:
 Too well I know the Falsehood of thy Soul,
 Which to my Father render'd me so foul,
 That hardly as his Son a Smile I've known,
 But always as a Traitour met his Frown.
 My forward Honour was Ambition call'd:
 Or if my Friends my early Fame extoll'd,
 You damp't my Father's Smiles still as they sprung,
 Perswading I repin'd he liv'd too long.
 So all my Hopes by you were frustrate made,
 And, robb'd of Sun-shine, wither'd in the Shade.
 Whilst, my good *Patriot!* you dispos'd the Crown
 Out of my reach, to have it in your own.
 But I'll prevent your Policy——

R. Go. ——— My Lord,
 This Accusation is unjust and hard.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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The King your Father would not so upbraid
My Age: is all my Service thus repaid?
But I will hence, and let my Master hear
How generously you reward my Care;
Who on my just Complaint, I doubt not, will
At least redress the Injuries I feel. [Exit Gomez.

Po. Alas, my Lord, you too severely urge
Your Fate, his Interest with the King is large.
Besides, you know he has already seen
The Transports of your Passion for the Queen.
The use he may of that Advantage make
You ought at least to avoid, but for her sake.

D. Car. Ah! my dear Friend, th'ast toucht my tender'st part;
I never yet learnt the dissembling Art.
Go call him back, tell him that I implore
His Pardon, and will ne'r offend him more.
The Queen? kind Heav'n, make her thy nearest Care.
Oh! fly, o'retake him ere he goes too far. [Exit Posa.

How are we bandi'd up and down by Fate,
By so much more Unhappy as w're Great?
A Prince, and Heir to Spain's great Monarch born,
I'm forc'd to court a Slave whom most I scorn;
Who, like a *Bramble* 'mongst a *Cedar's* Boughs,
Vexes his Peace under whose Shade he grows.
Now he returns: assist me, Falshood,—down,
Thou Rebel Passion———

Sir, I fear I've done
You wrong; but if I have, you can forgive.
Heav'n! can I doe this abject thing and live? [aside.

R. Go. Ah! my good Lord, it makes too large amends,
When to his Vassal thus a Prince descends:
Though it was something rigid, and unkind,
T'upbraid your faithfull Servant and your Friend.

D. Car. Alas, no more; all Jealousies shall cease
Between us two, let there be henceforth Peace.
So may just Heav'n assist me when I sue,
As I to Gomez always will be true.

R. Go. Stay, Sir, and for this mighty Favour take
All the return Sincerity can make.

Blest

Blest in your Father's Love, as I'm in yours,
 May not one Fear disturb your happy hours:
 Crown'd with Success may all your Wishes be,
 And you ne'r find worse Enemies then me.
 Nor spight of all his Greatness shall he need:
 Of too long date his Ruine is decreed.

[*Exeunt Car.
 and Posa.*]

Spain's early Hopes of him have been my Fears.
 'Twas I the Charge had of his Tender years,
 And read in all the progress of his Growth
 An untam'd, haughty, hot and furious Youth;
 A Will unruly, and a Spirit wild:
 At all my Precepts still with scorn he smil'd.
 Or when by th'Power I from his Father had,
 Any restraint was on his Pleasures laid,
 Usher'd with Frowns on me his Soul would rise,
 And threaten future Vengeance from his Eyes.
 But now to all my Fears I bid adieu;
 For, Prince, I'll humble both your Fate and you.
 Here comes the Star by whom my course I steer.
 Welcome, my Love.——

[*Enter
 Eboli.*]

Eboli. My Lord, why stay you here
 Losing the Pleasure of this happy Night?
 When all the Court are melting in Delight,
 You toil with the dull Bus'ness of the State.

R. Go. Onely, my Fair one, how to make thee Great:
 Thou tak'st up all the bus'ness of my Heart,
 And onely to it Pleasures canst impart.
 Say, say, my Goddess, when shall I be blest?
 It is an Age since I was happy last.

Eboli. My Lord, I come not hither now to hear
 Your Love, but offer something to your Ear.
 If you have well observ'd, you must have seen
 To day some strange Disorders in the Queen.

R. Go. Yes, such as Youthfull Brides do still express,
 Impatient Longings for the Happiness.
 Approaching Joys will so disturb the Soul,
 As Needles alwaies tremble near the Pole.

Ebol. Come, come, my Lord, seem not so blind: too well
 I've seen the Wrongs which you from *Carlos* feel;

And

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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And know your Judgment is too good, to lose
Advantage, where you may so safely choofe.
Say now if I inform you, how you may
With full Revenge all your past Wrongs repay.

R. Go. Blest Oracle! speak how it may be done:
My Will, my Life, my Hopes are all thy own.

Eboli. Hence then, and with your strictest Cunning try
What of the Queen and Prince you can descry;
Watch every Look, each quick and subtle Glance;
Then we'll from all produce such Circumstance
As shall the King's new Jealousie advance. }
Nay, Sir, I'll try what mighty Love you show: }
If you will make me Great, begin it now. }
How, Sir? d'you stand Confid'ring what to doe? }

R. Go. No, but methinks I view from hence a King,
A Queen and Prince, three goodly Flowers spring,
Whilst on 'em like a subtle Bee I'll prey,
Till so their Strength and Virtue drawn away,
Unable to recover, each shall droop,
Grow pale, and fading hang his wither'd Top:
Then fraught with Thyme triumphant back I'll come,
And unlade all the precious Sweets at home. [*Exit Gomez.*]

Eboli. In thy fond Policy, blind Fool, go on, }
And make what haste thou canst to be undone, }
Whilst I have nobler bus'ness of my own. }
Was I bred up in Greatness? have I been
Nurtur'd with glorious hopes to be a Queen?
Made Love my study, and with practis'd Charms
Prepar'd my self to meet a Monarch's Arms?
At last to be condemn'd to the Embrace
Of one whom Nature made to her disgrace;
An old imperfect feeble Dotard, who
Can onely tell (Alas!) what he would doe?
On him to throw away my Youth and Bloom,
As Jewels that are lost t'enrich a Tomb?
No, though all Hopes are in a Husband dead,
Another path to Happiness I'll tread,
Elsewhere find Joys which I'm in him deny'd.
Yet, while he can, let the Slave serve my Pride.

Still

Still I'll in Pleasure live, in Glory shine:
 The gallant youthfull *Austria* shall be mine:
 To him with all my force of Charms I'll move.
 Let others toil for Greatness, whilst I Love.

The End of the First Act.

ACT the Second. SCENE the First.

Don John of Austria.

SCENE, An ORANGE GROVE.

D. J. **W**hy should dull Law rule Nature, who first made
 That Law, by which herself is now betray'd?
 Ere man's Corruptions made him wretched, he
 Was born most Noble that was born most Free:
 Each of himself was Lord, and unconfin'd
 Obey'd the Dictates of his God-like Mind.
 Law was an Innovation brought in since,
 When Fools began to love Obedience,
 And call'd their Slavery Safety and Defence. }
 My Glorious Father got me in his Heat,
 When all he did was eminently great:
 When warlike *Belgia* felt his conquering Pow'r,
 And the proud *Germans* own'd him Emperour.
 Why should it be a Stain then on my Blood,
 Because I came not in the common Road, }
 But Born obscure, and so more like a God? }
 No; though his Diadem Another wear,
 At least to all his Pleasures I'll be Heir. }
 Here I should meet my *Eboli*, my fair. } [*Enter Eboli.*
 She comes; as the bright *Cyprian* Goddess moves, }
 When loose and in her Chariot drawn by Doves, }
 She rides to meet the Warlike God she loves. }
Eboli. Alas, my Lord, you know not with what Fear
 And Hazard I am come to meet you here.

D. J.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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D. J. O banish it: Lovers like us should fly,
And mounted by their Wishes soar on high,
Where softest Ecstasies and Transports are,
While Fear alone disturbs the lower Air.

Eboli. But who is safe when Eyes are every-where? }
Or if we could with happiest Secrecy
Enjoy these Sweets, Oh, whither shall we fly
T'escape that Sight whence we can nothing hide?

D. J. Alas, lay this Religion now aside;
I'll show thee one more pleasant, that which *Jove* }
Set forth to the old World, when from above
He came himself and taught his Mortalls Love.

Eboli. Will nothing then quench your unruly Flame?
My Lord, you might consider who I am.

D. J. I know y'are her I love, what should I more
Regard?—

Ebol. ——— By Heav'n he's brave——

[*aside.*

—— But can so poor

A Thought possess your Breast, to think that I
Will brand my Name with Lust and Infamy?

D. J. Those that are noblest born should highest prize
Love's Sweets. Oh! let me fly into those Eyes;
There's something in 'em leads my Soul astray:
As he who in a Necromancer's Glass
Beholds his wisht-for Fortune by him pass,
Yet still with greedy Eyes——
Pursues the Vision as it glides away.

Eboli. Protect me, Heav'n, I dare no longer stay,
Your Looks speak Danger: I feel something too
That bids me fly, yet will not let me go. [half *aside.*

D. J. Take Vows and Prayers if ever I prove false;
See at your feet the humble *Austria* falls. [Kneels.

Eboli. Rise, rise, —— [Austria rises.
My Lord, why would you thus deceive? [Sighs.

D. J. How many ways to wound me you contrive?
Speak, wouldst thou have an Empire at thy feet?
Say, wouldst thou rule the World? I'll Conquer it.

Eboli. No; above Empire far I could prize you,
If you would be but——

D. J. —— What?

Eboli. —— For ever true.

C

D. J.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

D. J. That thou may'st ne'r have cause to fear those Harms,
 I'll be confin'd for ever in thy Arms:
 Nay, I'll not one short minute from thee stray;
 My self I'll on thy tender Bosome lay,
 Till in its warmth I'm melted all away.

Enter Garcia.

Gar. Madam, your Lord—

Eboli. — Oh! fly, or I'm undone.

D. J. Must I without my Blessing then be gone?

Eboli. Think you that this discretion merits one?

D. J. I'm aw'd—

As a sick wretch that on his Death-bed lies

Loath with his Friends to part, just as he dies,

Thus sends his Soul in Wishes from his eyes.

Eboli. Oh Heav'n! what Charms in Youth and vigour are!

Yet he in Conquest is not gone too far!

Too easily I'll not my self resign:

E're I am his, I'll make him surely mine;

Draw him by subtle Baits into the Trap,

Till so too far got in to make escape,

About him swiftly the soft Snare I'll cast;

And when I have him there, I'll hold him fast.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

R. Go. Thus unaccompany'd I subtly range

The solitary paths of dark Revenge;

The fearfull Deer in herds to Coverts run,

Whilst Beasts of prey affect to roam alone.

Eboli. Ah! my dear Lord, how do you spend your hours?

You little think what my poor Heart endures;

Whilst, with your Absence tortur'd, I in vain

Pant after Joys I ne'r can hope to gain.

R. Go. You cannot my Unkindness sure upbraid;

You should forgive those Faults your self have made.

Remember you the Task you gave?

Eboli. — 'Tis true;

Your Pardon, for I do remember now.

If I forgot, 'twas Love had all my mind:

And 'tis no Sin, I hope, to be too Kind.

R. Go.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

I I

R. Go. How happy am I in a faithfull Wife!
Oh thou most precious Blessing of my Life!
Eboli. Do's then Success attend upon your Toil?
I long to see you revel in the Spoil.

R. Go. What strictest diligence could do, I've done,
T'incense an angry Father 'gainst his Son.
I to advantage told him all that past,
Describ'd with Art each Am'rous glance they cast:
So that this night he shunn'd the Marriage-bed,
Which through the Court has various Murmurs spread.

Enter the King attended by Posa.

See where he comes with Fury in his Eyes:
Kind Heav'n but grant the Storm may higher rise.
If't grow too loud, I'll lurk in some dark Cell,
And laugh to hear my Magick work so well.

King. What's all my Glory, all my Pomp? how poor
Is fading Greatness? or how vain is Pow'r?
Where all the mighty Conquests I have seen?
I, who o're Nations have Victorious been,
Now cannot quell one little Foe within.
Curst Jealousie, that poisons all Love's Sweets!
How heavy on my Heart th'Invader sits!
Oh, *Gomez!* thou hast giv'n my mortall Wound.

R. Go. What is't does so your Royal thoughts confound?
A King his Pow'r unbounded ought to have,
And, ruling all, should not be Passion's Slave.

King. Thou counsell'st well, but art no stranger sure
To the sad cause of what I now endure.
Know'st thou what Poison thou didst lately give?
And dost not wonder to behold me live?

R. Go. I onely did as by my Duty ty'd,
And never study'd any thing beside.

King. I do not blame thy Duty or thy Care:
Quickly what past between 'em more declare.
How greedily my Soul to Ruine flies?
As he who in a Fever burning lies,
First of his Friends does for a drop implore,
Which tasted once, unable to give o're,
Knows 'tis his Bane, yet still thirsts after more.

On then——

C 2

R. Go.

R. Go. — I fear that you'll interpret wrong.
'Tis true, they gaz'd, but 'twas not very long.

King. Lie still, my Heart: not long was't that you said?

R. G. No longer then they in your presence staid.

King. No longer? why, a Soul in less time flies
To Heav'n; and they have chang'd theirs at their Eyes.
Hence abject Fears be gone: She's all divine.
Speak, Friends, can Angels in perfection sin?

R. Go. Angels that shine above do oft bestow
Their Influence on poor Mortals here below.

King. But *Carlos* is my Son, and alwaies near;
Seems to move with me in my glorious Sphear:
True, she may shewr promiscuous Blessings down
On Slaves that gape for what falls from a Crown.
But when too kindly she his Brightness sees,
It robs my Lustre to adde more to his.

But Oh! I dare not think ———
That those Eyes should at least so humble be,
To stoop at Him, when they had vanquisht Me.

Posa. Sir, I am proud to think I know the Prince,
That he of Vertue has too great a sense,
To cherish but a Thought beyond the bound
Of strictest Duty. He to me has own'd
How much was to his former Passion due,
Yet still confess'd he above all priz'd You.

R. Go. You better reconcile, Sir, then advise:
Be not more Charitable then y'are Wise.
The King is sick, and we should give him Ease;
But first find out the depth of his Disease.
Too sudden Cures have oft pernicious grown;
We must not heal up fester'd Wounds too soon.

King. By this then you a pow'r would o're me gain,
Wounding to let me linger in the Pain.
I'm stung, and won't the Torture long endure:
Serpents that wound; have Bloud those Wounds to cure.

R. Go. Good Heav'n forbid that I should ever dare
To question Vertue in a Queen so fair.
Though she her Eyes cast on her Glorious Son;
Men oft see Treasures, and yet covet none.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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King. Think not to blind me with dark Ironies,
The Truth disguis'd in obscure Contraries.

No ; I will trace his Windings ; all her dark
And subtlest Paths, each little Action mark.

If she prove false, as yet I fear, she dies.

Ha! here! Oh let me turn away my Eyes:

For all around she'll her bright Beams display.

Should I to gaze on the wild Meteor stay,

'Spight of my self I shall be led astray.

Enter Queen

Att. Henrietta.

*Exit the King At tend.
looking at the Queen.*

Queen. How scornfully he is withdrawn!
Sure e're his Love he'd let me know his Power:

As Heav'n oft Thunders e're it sends a Shower:

This *Spanish* Gravity is very odd:

All things are by Severity so aw'd,

That little Love dares hardly peep abroad.

Henr. Alas, what can you from Old age expect,
When frail uneasie men themselves neglect?

Some little Warmth perhaps may be behind,

Though such as in extinguish'd Fires you'll find;

Where some remains of Heat the Ashes hold,

Which (if for more you open) straight are cold.

Queen. 'Twas Interest and Safety of the State;

Int'rest, that bold Imposer on our Fate;

That always to dark Ends misguides our Wills,

And with false Happiness smooths o're our Ills.

It was by that unhappy *France* was led,

When though by Contract I should *Carlos* wed,

I was an Offering made to *Philip's* Bed.

Why sigh'st thou, *Henrietta*?

Henriett. Who is it can

Know your sad Fate, and yet from Grief refrain?

With pleasure oft I've heard you smiling tell

Of *Carlos* Love.

Queen. ——— And did it please you well?

In that brave Prince's Courtship there did meet

All that we could obliging call or sweet.

At every point he with advantage stood:

[*Henr. sighs.*]

Fierce

Fierce as a Lion, if provok'd abroad;
Else, soft as Angels, charming as a God.

Henr. One so Accomplisht, and who lov'd you too,
With what Resentments must he part with you?
Methinks I pity him.—But Oh! in vain:
He's both above my Pity and my Pain.

[*aside.*]

Queen. What means this strange Disorder?

Henr. ————— Yonder view } *Enter D. Car-*
That which I fear will discompose you too. } *los, Posa.*

Queen. Alas, the Prince! there to my mind appears
Something that in me moves unusual Fears.

Away, *Henrietta.* ————— [*offers to go.*]

D. Car. ————— Why would you be gone?
Is *Carlos* Sight ungratefull to you grown?
If 'tis, speak: in Obedience I'll retire.

Qu. No, you may speak, but must advance no nigher.

D. Car. Must I then at that awfull distance sue,
As our Forefathers were compell'd to do,
When they Petitions made at that great Shrine,
Where none but the High Priest might enter in?
Let me approach; I've nothing for your Ear,
But what's so pure it might be Offer'd there.

Qu. Too long 'tis dangerous for me here to stay:
If you must speak, proceed: what would you say? } *Carlos*
Nay, this strange Ceremony pray give o're. } *kneels.*

D. Car. Was I ne'r in this posture seen before?
Ah! can your cruel Heart so soon resign
All sense of these sad Sufferings of mine?
To your more just remembrance, if you can,
Recall how Fate seem'd kindly to ordain,
That once you should be Mine: which I believ'd,
Though now, alas! I find I was deceiv'd.

Queen. Then, Sir, you should your Fate, not Me upbraid.

D. Car. I will not say y've broke the Vows you made;
Onely implore you would not quite forget
The Wretch y've oft seen dying at your feet,
And now no other Favour begs to have,
Then such kind Pity as becomes your Slave.
For 'midst your highest Joys, without a Crime,
At least you now and then may think of him.

Queen.

Queen. If e're you lov'd me, you would this forbear;
It s a Language which I dare not hear.
My Heart and Faith become your Father's Right,
All other Passions I must now forget.

D. Car. Can then a Crown and Majesty dispense
Upon your Heart such mighty Influence,
That I must be for ever banish'd thence? }
Had I been rais'd to all the Heights of Power,
In Triumph crown'd the World's great Emperour,
Of all its Riches, all its State posselt,
Yet you should still have govern'd in my Breast.

Qu. In vain on Her you Obligations lay,
Who wants not Will, but Power to repay.

Henriett. Yet had you *Henrietta's* Heart, you would
At least strive to afford him all you could. [aside.

D. Carl. Oh! say not you want Pow'r; you may with one
Kind Look pay doubly all I've undergone.
And knew you but the Innocence I bear,
How pure, how spotless all my Wishes are,
You would not scruple to supply my Want,
When all I'll ask you may so safely grant.

Qu. I know not what to grant, too well I find
That still at least I cannot be unkind.

D. Car. Afford me then that little which I crave.

Qu. You shall not want what I may let you { *Gives her hand*
(have. } *sighing.*

D. Carl. Like one ———
That sees a heap of Gems before him cast,
Thence to chuse any that may please him best;
From the rich Treasure whilst I choice should make,
Dazzel'd with all I know not where to take.
I would be rich ———

Qu. ——— Nay, you too far encroach;
I fear I have already giv'n too much. [Turns from him.

D. Carl. Oh! take not back again th'appearing Bliss.
How difficult's the path to Happiness!
Whilst up the Precipice we climb with pain,
One little Slip throws us quite down again.
Stay, Madam, though you nothing more can give,
Then just enough to keep a Wretch alive;

At

At least remember how I've lov'd——

Qu.—— I will.

D. Car. That was so kind, that I must beg more still.
Let me love on: it is a very poor
And easie Grant, yet I'll request no more.

Qu. Do you believe that you can Love retain,
And not expect to be belov'd again?

D. Carl. Yes, I will love, and think I'm happy too,
So long as I can find that you are so:
All my Disquiets banish from my breast:
I will endeavour to doe so at least.

[Sighing deeply.]

Or if I can't my Miseries out-wear,
They never more shall come t'offend your Ear.

Qu. Love then, Brave Prince, whilst I'll thy

(Love admire,

Yet keep the Fame so pure, such chaste Desire,

That without spot hereafter we above

May meet, when we shall come all Soul, all Love.

Till when—Oh! whither am I run astray?

I grow too weak, and must no longer stay.

For should I, the soft Charm so strong would grow,

I find that I shall want the power to go.

*Gives her hand,
which D. Carlos
during all this
speech kisses ea-
gerly.*

*Ex. Qu. &
Henrietta.*

D. Car. Oh sweet——

If such Transport be in a Taste so small,

How blest must he be that possesses all!

Where am I, *Posa*? where's the Queen? [standing amazed.]

Posa.—— My Lord,

A while some respite to your Heart afford:

The Queen's retir'd——

D. Car.—— Retir'd? and did she then

Just shew me Heav'n, to shut it in agen?

This little Ease augments my Pain the more;

For now I'm more impatient then before,

And have discover'd Riches make me mad.

Posa. But since those Treasures are not to be had,

You should correct Desires that drive you on

Beyond that Duty which becomes a Son.

No longer let the Tyrant Love invade;

The Brave may by themselves be Happy made.

You

You to your Father now must all resign.

D. Carl. But e're he robb'd me of her, she was Mine.
To be my Friend is all thou hast to doe:
For half my Miseries thou canst not know,
Make my self happy? bid the Damn'd doe so;
Who in sad Flames must be for ever tost,
Yet still in view of the lov'd Heav'n th'ave lost. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT the Third. SCENE the First.

Don John of Austria.

The GROVE continues.

D. J. **H**OW vainly would dull Moralists impose
Limits on Love, whose Nature brooks no Laws?
Love is a God, and like a God should be
Inconstant, with unbounded liberty
Rove as he list——
I find it: for ev'n now I've had a Feast,
Of which a God might covet for a Taste.
Methinks I yet——
See with what soft Devotion in her Eyes
The tender Lamb came to the Sacrifice.
Oh how her Charms surpriz'd me as I lay!
Like too-near Sweets they took my sense away;
And I ev'n lost the pow'r to reach at Joy.
But those cross Witchcrafts soon unravell'd were,
And I was lull'd in Trances sweeter far:
As Anchor'd Vessels in calm Harbours ride,
Rock'd on the swellings of the floating Tide.
How wretched then's the Man who, though alone
He thinks he's blest, yet as confin'd to one,
Is but at best a Prisoner on a Throne!

To him King attended, Posa, Gomez.

King. Ye mighty Pow'rs, whose Substitutes we are,
On whom y've layn of Earth the Rule and Care,
Why all our Toils do you reward with Ill,
And to those weighty Cares adde greater still?
Or how could I your Deities enrage,
That blest'd my Youth, thus to afflict my Age?
A Queen and a Son's Incest? dismal Thought!

D. J. What is't so soon his Majesty has brought
From the soft Arms of his young Bride? } To Go-
mez.

King. — Ay true,
Is she not, *Austria*, young and charming too?
Dost thou not think her to a wonder fair?
Tell me. —

D. J. — By Heav'n more bright then Planets are;
Her Beautie's force might ev'n their pow'r out-doe.

King. Nay, she's as false and as unconstant too.
Oh *Austria*, that a Form so outward bright,
Should be within all dark and ugly Night!
For she, to whom I'd dedicated all
My Love, that dearest Jewel of my Soul,
Takes from its Shrine the precious Relique down,
T'adorn a little Idol of her own,
My Son, that Rebell both to Heav'n and me.
Oh the distracting Throes of Jealousie!
But as a drowning wretch just like to sink,
Seeing him that threw him in upon the brink,
At the third plunge lays hold upon his Foe,
And tugs him down into destruction too:
So thou, from whom these Miseries I've known,
Shalt bear me out again, or with me drown. } Seizes roughly
on Rui-Gomez.

R. Go. My Loyalty will teach me how to wait
All the Successes of my Sovereign's fate.
What is't, Great Sir, you wou'd command me?

King. How? —
—What is't? — I know not what I'd have thee doe:
Study Revenge for me, 'tis that I want.

D. John. Alas, what Frenzy does your temper haunt?
Revenge?

Revenge? on whom?

King. On my false Queen and Son.

R. Go. On them? good Heav'n what is't that they have done?
Oh had my Tongue been curst e're it had bred

This Jealousie ———

[*half aside.*]

King. — Then cancel what th'ast said.

Didst thou not tell me, that thou saw'st him stand

Printing soft Vows in Kisses on her Hand;

Whilst in requitall she such Glances gave,

Would quicken a dead Lover in his Grave?

R. Go. I did; and what less could the Queen allow
To Him, then you to every Vassal show?

Th'affording him that little from Love's store,

ImPLY'd that she for You reserv'd much more.

King. Oh, doubtless she must have a wondrous store
Of Love, that sells it at a rate so poor.

Now thou'dst rebate my Passion with Advice;

And when thou shouldst be active, wouldst be wise.

No, lead me where I may their Incest see.

Do, or by Heav'n — — do, and I'll worship thee.

Oh how my Passions drive me to and fro!

Under their heavy weight I yield and bow.

But I'll re-gather yet my strength, and stand

Brandishing all my Thunder in my hand.

Pofa. And may it be sent forth, and where it goes,
Light fatally and heavy on your Foes.

But let your Loyall Son and Consort bear

No Ill, since they of any guiltless are.

Here with my Sword Defiance I proclaim

To that bold Traitor that dares wrong their Fame.

D. J. I too dare with my life their Cause make good. }

King. Sure well their Innocence y'ave understood,
That you so prodigal are of your Blood. }

Or wouldst thou speak me Comfort? I would find

Mongst all my Counsellours at least one kind.

Yet any thing like that I must not hear,

(For so my Wrongs I should too tamely bear,) }

And weakly grow my own fond Flatterer.

Pofa, withdraw —————

Exit Pofa.

My Lords, all this y'have heard.

R. Go. Yes, I observ'd it, Sir, with strict regard.
The young Lord's Friendship was too great to hide.

King. Is he then so to my false Son ally'd?

I am environ'd ev'ry way, and all

My Fate's unhappy Engines plot my Fall.

Like *Cæsar* in the Senate, thus I stand;

Whilst Ruine threaten'd him on ev'ry hand.

From each side he had warning he must die;

Yet still he brav'd his Fate, and so will I.

To strive for Ease would but adde more to Pain;

As Streams, that beat against their Banks in vain,

Retreating swell into a Floud again.

No, I'll doe things the World shall quake to hear:

My just Revenge so true a stamp shall bear,

Ashenceforth Heav'n it self shall emulate,

And copy all its Vengeance out by that.

All but *Rui-Gomez* I must have withdrawn,

I've something to discourse with him alone.

[*Ex. omnes præter K. & Gomez.*]

Now, *Gomez*, on thy Truth depends thy Fate.

Thou'st wrought my sense of Wrong to such a height,

Within my Breast it will no longer stay,

But grows each minute till it force its way.

I would not find my self at last deceiv'd.

R. Go. Nor would I gainst your Reason be believ'd.

Think, Sir, your Jealousie to be but fear

Of losing Treasures which you hold so dear.

Your Queen and Son may yet be innocent:

I know but what they did, not what they meant.

King. Meant? what should Looks and Sighs and Pressings

No, no; I need not hear it o're again. (mean?)

No repetitions—something must be done.

Now there's no Ill I know that I would shun.

I'll fly, till them I've in their Incest found,

Full charg'd with Rage, and with my Vengeance hot;

Like a Granade from a Cannon shot,

Which lights at last upon the Enemies ground,

Then breaking deals Destruction all around. — [*Ex. King.*]

R. Go. So, now his Jealousie is at the top,
Each little Blast will serve to keep it up;
But stay, there's something I've omitted yet,
Posa's my Enemy: and true, he's great.
Alas, I'm arm'd gainst all that he can do;
For my Snare's large enough to hold him too.
Yet I'll disguise that purpose for a while:
But when he with the rest is caught i'th' Toil,
I'll boldly out, and wanton in the Spoil.

Enter Posa.

Posa. My Lord Rui-Gomez? and the King not here?
You, who so eminent a Favourite are
In a King's Eye, should ne'r be absent thence.

R. Go. No, Sir, 'tis you that by a rising Prince
Are cherish'd, and so tread a safer way,
Rich in that Bliss the World waits to enjoy.

Posa. Since what may bless the World we ought to prize,
I wish there were no publick Enemies:
No lurking Serpents Poison to dispense,
Nor Wolves to prey on noble Innocence:
No Flatt'ers that with Royall Goodness sport,
Those stinking Weeds that over-run a Court.

R. Go. Nay, if good Wishes any thing could doe,
I have as earnest Wishes, Sir, as you:
That though perhaps our King enjoys the best
Of Power, yet may he still be doubly blest.
May he—

Posa. Nay, Gomez, you shall ne'r out-doe me there;
Since for Great Philip's good I wou'd you were
(If possible) more Honest than you are.

R. Go. Why, Posa? what defect can you discern?

Posa. Nay, half your Mystries I'm yet to learn.
Though this I'll boldly justify to all,
That you contrive a generous Prince's Fall. [Gomez smiles.]
Nay, think not by your Smiles, and careless port,
To laugh it off: I come not here to sport.
I do not, Sir.

R. Go. Young Lord, what meaning has
This Heat?

Posa. To let you see I know y're Base.

R. Go.

R. Go. Nay then I Pardon ask that I did smile:
By Heav'n I thought y' had jested all this while.
Bafe? —

Pofa. Yes, more Bafe then impotent or old.
All Vertue in thee, like thy Bloud, runs cold:
Thy rotten putrid Carcass is lefs full
Of Rancour and Contagion then thy Soul.
Ev'n now before the King I faw it plain;
But Duty to that Prefence aw'd me then:
Yet there I dar'd thy Treafon with my Sword.
But ftill —
Thy Villany talk'd all; Courage had not a word.
True, thou art old: yet if thou haft a Friend,
To whom thy curfed Caufe thou dar'ft commend;
'Gainft him in publick I'll the Innocence
Maintain of the fair Queen and injur'd Prince.

R. Go. Farewell, bold Champion —
Learn better how your Paflions to difguife,
Appear lefs cholerick, and be more wife. [Exit R. Go.

Pofa. How frail is all the Glory we defign,
Whilst fuch as thefe have pow'r to undermine?
Unhappy Prince! who might'ft have fafely ftood,
If thou hadft been lefs Great, or not fo Good.
Why the vile Monster's bloud did I not fhed,
And all the Vengeance draw on my own head?
My Honour fo had had this juft defence,
That I preferv'd my Patron and my Prince, { Enter Carlos
Brave Carlos: ha! he's here. O Sir, take heed; } and Queen.
By an unlucky Fate your Love is led.
The King, the King your Father's jealous grown,
Forgetting her his Queen, or you his Son,
Calls all his Vengeance up againft you both.

D. Carl. Has then the falfe Ruiz Gomez broke his Oath?
And, after all, my Innocence betray'd?

Pofa. Yes, all his subtleft Snares are for you laid.
The King within this minute will be here,
And you are ruin'd if but feen with Her.
Retire, my Lord. —

Queen. How? is he jealous grown?
I thought my Vertue he had better known.

His unjust Doubts have soon found out the way,
To make their entry on our Marriage-day:
For yet he has not with me known a Night:
Perhaps his Tyranny is his Delight,
And to such height his Cruelty is grown,
He'd exercise it on his Queen and Son.
But since, my Lord, this time we must obey
Our Interest, I beg you would not stay.
Not seeing you, he may to me be just.

D. Carl. Should I then leave you, Madam?

Queen. Yes, you must.

D. Carl. Not then when Storms against your Vertue rise.

No, since to lose you, wretched Carlos dies,
He'll have the Honour of it, in your Cause.
This is the noblest thing that Fate could doe,
She thus abates the rigour of her Laws,
Since 'tis some Pleasure but to die for you.

Queen. Talk not of Death, for that ev'n Cowards dare,
When their base Fears compell 'em to despair.
Hope's the far nobler Passion of the Mind.
Fortune's a Mistress that's with Caution kind;
Knows that the Constant merit her alone,
They who, though she seem froward, yet court on.

D. Carl. To wretched minds thus still some Comfort
(gleams:

And Angels ease our Grievs, though but with Dreams.

I have too oft already been deceiv'd,

And the Cheat's grown too plain to be believ'd.

You, Madam, bid me go.

{ Looking earnestly,
at the Queen.

Queen. You must.

Posa. You shall.

Alas, I love you, would not see you fall:

And yet may find some way to evade it all.

D. Carl. Thou, *Posa*, ever wert my truest Friend;

I almost wish thou wert not now so kind.

Thou of a thing that's lost tak'st too much care.

And you, fair Angel, too indulgent art. [to the Queen.

Great my Despair; yet still my Love is higher—

Well—in obedience to you I'll retire.

Though

Though during all the Storm I will be nigh;
 Where if I see the Danger grow too high,
 To save you, Madam, I'll come forth and die. *[Exit D. Car.]*

Enter King and Rui-Gomez.

King. Who would have guess that this had
 Distraction! where shall my Revenge begin? *(ever been)* *Seeing Posa*
 Why, he's the very Bawd to all their Sin; *and the*
 And, to disguise it, put's on Friendship's mask. *Queen.*
 But his Dispatch, *Rui-Gomez*, is thy Task.
 With him pretend some private Conference,
 And under that Disguise seduce him hence:
 Then, in some place fit for the deed, impart
 The business by a Ponyard to his Heart.

R. G. 'Tis done.

King. So, Madam— *[Steps to the Queen.]*

Queen. By the Fury in your Eyes,
 I understand you come to tyrantize.
 I hear you are already Jealous grown,
 And dare suspect my Vertue with your Son.

King. Oh Woman-kind! thy Myst'ries who can scan,
 Too deep for easie weak believing Man?
 Hold, let me look: Indeed y'are wondrous fair.
 So on the out-side Sodom's Apples were:
 And yet within, when open'd to the view,
 Not half so dang'rous, or so foul, as you.

Queen. Unhappy wretched Woman that I am!
 And you unworthy of a Husband's name!
 Do you not blush?—

King. Yes, Madam, for your Shame.
 Blush too, my Judgment e're should prove so faint,
 To let me chuse a Devill for a Saint.
 When first I saw and lov'd that tempting Eye,
 The Fiend within the Flame I did not spy;
 But still ran on and cherisht my Desires,
 For Heav'nly Beams mistook Infernall Fires:
 Such raging Fires, as you have since thought fit
 Alone my Son, my Son's hot Youth should meet.
 Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!—

Queen.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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Queen.—Poor Ungen'rous King!

How mean's the Soul from which such Thoughts must spring!

Was it for this I did so late submit,

To let you whine and languish at my feet;

When with false Oaths you did my Heart beguile,

And profer'd all your Empire for a Smile?

Then, then my Freedom 'twas I did resign,

Though you still swore you would preserve it mine.

And still it shall be so: for from this hour

I vow to hate, and never see you more.

Nay, frown not, *Philip*, for you soon shall know

I can resent and rage as well as you.

King. By Hell her Pride's as raging as her Lust.

A Guard there—Seize the Queen—

[*Enter Guard.*

Enter Carlos, and Intercepts the Guard.

D. Carl.—Hold, Sir, be Just.

First look on me, whom once you call'd your Son:

A Title I was alwaies proud to own.

King. Good Heav'n! to merit this what have I done, }
That he too dares before my sight appear?

D. Carl. Why? Sir, where is the cause that I should fear?

Bold in my Innocence, I come to know

The reason why you use this Princess so.

King. Sure I shall find some way to raise this Siege:

He talks as if 'twere for his Privilege.

Foul Ravisher of all my Honour, hence.

But stay: Guards with the Queen secure the Prince.

Wherefore in my Revenge should I be slow?

Now in my reach, I'll dash 'em at a Blow.

*Enter D. John of Austria, Eboli and Henriett.
Garcia.*

D. J. I come, Great Sir, with wonder here, to see
Your Rage grown up to this extremity

Against your Beautious Queen, and Loyal Son.

What is't that they to merit Chains have done? }
Or is't your own wild Jealousie alone?

King. O *Austria*, thy vain Enquiry cease,

If thou hast any value for thy Peace.

E

My

My mighty Wrongs so loud an Accent bear,
'Twould make thee miserable but to hear.

D. Carl. Father, if I may dare to call you so,
Since now I doubt if I'm your Son or no,
As you have seal'd my Doom, I may complain.

King. Will then that Monster dare to speak again?

D. Car. Yes, Dying men should not their thoughts disguise:
And since you take such Joy in Cruelties;
Ere of my Death the new Delight begin,
Be pleas'd to hear how cruel you have been.
Time was that we were smil'd on by our Fate,
You not Unjust, nor I Unfortunate.
Then, then I was your Son, and you were glad
To hear my early Praise was talk'd abroad.
Then Love's dear Sweets you to me would display,
Told me where this rich Beauteous Treasure lay,
And how to gain't instructed me the way.
I came, and saw, and lov'd, and blest you for't.
But then when Love had seal'd her to my Heart,
You violently tore her from my Side:
And 'cause my bleeding Wound I could not hide,
But still some Pleasure to behold her took,
You now will have my Life but for a Look.
Wholly forgetting all the Pains I bore,
Your Heart with envious Jealousie boils o're,
'Cause I can love no less, and you no more.

Hen. Alas! how can you hear his soft Complaint,
And not your hardned stubborn Heart relent?
Turn, Sir, survey that comely awfull Man,
And to my Pray'rs be cruell if you can.

King. Away, Deluder: who taught thee to sue?

Eboli. Loving the Queen, what is't she less can doe,
Then lend her aid against the dreadfull Storm?

King. Why, can the Devil dwell too in that form?
This is their little Engine by the bye,
A Scout to watch, and tell when Danger's nigh.
Come, pretty Sinner, thou'lt inform me all,
How, where, and when: nay, do not fear—you shall.

Hen. Ah Sir Unkind! ———

[*Kneels.*

King.

King.—Now hold thy Siren's Tongue.

Who would have thought there were a Witch so young?

D. J. Can you to singing Beauty stop your Ears?

Heav'n lays its Thunder by, and gladly hears, { *Takes up Hen.
and makes his
address to her*

When Angels are become Petitioners.

Eboli. Ha! what makes *Austria* so officious there? { *aside to
Garcia.*

D. Carl. A Banquet then of Bloud since you design,

Yet you may satisfy your self with mine.

I love the Queen, I have confess'd, 'tis true:

Proud too to think I love her more then you.

Though she, by Heav'n, is clear—but I indeed

Have been unjust, and do deserve to bleed.

There were no lawless Thoughts that I did want,

Which Love had pow'r to ask, or Beauty grant.

Though I ne'r yet found Hopes to raise 'em on,

For she did still preserve her Honour's Throne,

And dash'd the bold aspiring Devil's down. }

If to her Cause you do not credit give, }

Fondly against your Happiness you'll strive,

As some lose Heav'n because they won't believe. }

Queen. Whilst, Prince, my Preservation you design,

Blot not your Vertue to adde more to mine.

The clearness of my Truth I'd not have shown

By any other Light besides its own.

No, Sir, he through Despair all this has said,

And owns Offences which he never made.

Why should you think that I would doe you wrong?

Must I needs be Unchast because I'm Young?

King. Unconstant wav'ring Heart, why heav'lt thou so?

I shiver all, and know not what I doe.

I who e're now have Armies led to fight,

Thought War a Sport, and Danger a Delight,

Whole Winter-nights stood under Heav'n's wide Roof

Daring my Foes, now am not Beauty-proof.

Oh! turn away those Basilisks thy Eyes;

Th'Infection's fatal, and who sees 'em dies.

[*Goes away.*

Qu. Oh! do not fly me; I have no design

Upon your Life, for you may yet save mine.

[*Kneels.*

Or

Or if at last I must my Breath submit,
Here take it, 'tis an Off'ring at your feet.
Will you not look on me, my dearest Lord?

King. Why? would'st thou live?——

Qu. Yes, if you'll say the word.

Dr. Carl. Oh Heav'n! how coldly and unmov'd he sees
A praying Beauty prostrate on her Knees!
Rise, Madam—— [*Steps to take her up.*

King.——Bold Encroacher, touch her not:
Into my Breast her Glances thick are shot.
Not true?—stay let me see—By Heav'n thou art { *Looks earn-*
—A False vile Woman—Oh my foolish Heart! { *estly on her.*
I give thee Life—But from this time refrain,
And never come into my sight again:
Be banish'd ever.——

Queen.——This you must not do,
At least till I've convinc'd you I am True.
Grant me but so much time, and when that's done,
If you think fit, for ever I'll be gone.

King. I've all this while been angry, but in vain;
She heats me first, then stroaks me tame again.
Oh, wert thou true, how happy should I be?
Think'st thou that I have Joy to part with thee?
No, all my Kingdome for the Bliss I'd give:
Nay, though it were not so, but to believe.
Come, for I can't avoid it, cheat me quite.

Qu. I would not, Sir, deceive you if I might.
But if you'll take my Oaths; By all above,
'Tis You, and onely You, that I will love.

King. Thus as a Mariner that sails along,
With pleasure hears th'enticing Siren's Song,
Unable quite his strong Desires to bound,
Boldly leaps in, though certain to be drown'd.
Come to my Bosom then, make no delay: { *Takes her in*
My Rage is hush'd, and I have room for Joy. { *his Arms.*

Queen. Aye, you'll think that I Unjust will prove.

King. No, thou art all o're Truth, and I all Love.
Oh that we might for ever thus remain
In folded Arms, and never part again.

Queen.

Queen. Command me any thing, and try your Pow'r.

King. Then from this minute ne'r see *Carlos* more.

Thou Slave, that dar'st doe ill with such a port,

For ever here I banish thee my Court.

Within some Gloister lead a private life;

That I may love and rule without this strife.

Here, *Eboli*, receive her to thy Charge:

The Treasure's precious, and the Trust is large.

Whilst I retiring hence, my self make fit

To wait for Joys, which are too fierce to meet. [*Exit King.*]

D. Carl. My Exile from his presence I can hear

With pleasure: But, no more to look on her?

Oh! 'tis a dreadfull Curse I cannot bear.

No, Madam, all his pow'r shall nothing doe:

I'll stay, and take my Banishment from You.

Do You command me; see how far I'll fly.

Qu. Will *Carlos* be at last my Enemy?

Consider, this Submission I have shown,

More to preserve your Safety then my own.

Ungratefully you needless waies devise,

To lose a Life which I so dearly prize.

D. Car. So, now her Fortune's made, and I am left [*Aside.*]

Alone, a naked Wanderer to shift.

Madam, you might have spar'd the Cruelty;

Blest with your Sight I was prepar'd to die.

But now to lose it drives me to Despair,

Making me wish to die, and yet not dare.

Well, to some solitary shoar I'll roam,

And never more into your presence come,

Since I already find I'm troublesome.

Qu. Stay, Sir; yet stay:—you shall not leave me so.

D. Carl. Ha?—

Qu.—I must talk with you before you go.

Oh *Carlos*, how unhappy is our state?

How foul a Game was play'd us by our Fate?

Who promis'd fair when we did first begin,

'Till envying to see us like to win,

Straight fell to cheat, and threw the false Lot in.

My Vows to you I now remember all.

D. Car. Oh Madam, I can hear no more.—

[*Kneels.*]

Qu.

Qu.—You shall.—

[*Kneels too.*

For I can't chuse but let you know, that I,
If you'll resolve on't, yet will with you die.

D. Car. Sure nobler Gallantry was never known. }

Good Heav'n! this Blessing is too much for one. }

No, 'tis enough for me to die alone.

My Father, all my Foes I now forgive.

Queen. Nay, Sir, by all our Loves I charge you live.

But to what Country, wherefoe're you go,

Forget not Me, for I'll remember You.

D. Carl. Shall I such Vertue and such Charms forget?

No, never—

Queen.—Oh that we had never met,

But in our distant Climates still been free!

I might have heard of You, and you of Me:

So towards Happiness more safely mov'd;

And never been thus wretched, yet have lov'd.

What makes you look so wildly?—why d'you start?

D. Carl. A faint cold Damp is thick'ning round my Heart.

Queen. What shall we doe?—

D. Carl.—Doe any thing but part.

Or stay so long, till my poor Soul expires

In view of all the Glory it admires.

Eboli. But, Madam, you forgot the King's Commands: { *To the*
Longer to stay, your Dangers you'll renew. } *Qu.*

D. Car. Ah, Princess! Lovers Pains you never knew;

Or what it is to part as we must do.

Part too far ever—

After one minute, never more to stand

Fixt on those Eyes, or pressing this soft Hand.

'Twere but enough to feed on, and not starve:

Yet that is more then I did e're deserve.

Though Fate to us is niggardly and poor,

That from Eternity can't spare one Hour.

Qu. If it were had, that Hour would soon be gone,

And we should wish to draw another on.

No, rigorous Necessity has made

Us both his Slaves, and now will be obey'd.

Come, let us try the parting Blow to bear.

Adieu.—

D. Car.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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D. Car. Farewell.

[*Looking at each other.*

— I'm fix'd and rooted here,

I cannot stir—

Qu. Shall I the way then show?

Now, hold my Heart—

— Nay, Sir, why don't you go? } *Goes to the door, then stops,*
} *and turns back again.*

D. Carl. Why do you stay?

Qu. I won't.—

D. Car.— You shall a while

[*Kneels*

With one Look more my Miseries beguile,

That may support my Heart till you are gone.

Qu. Oh *Eboli*, thy help, or I'm undone. [*Takes hold on Eboli.*

Here take it then, and with it too my Life. } *Leans into*
} *Eboli's arms.*

D. Car. My Courage with my Tortures is at strife.

Since my Griefs Cowards are, and dare not kill,

I'll try to vanquish and out-toil the Ill

Well, Madam, now I'm something hardier grown :

Since I at last perceive you must be gone,

To venture the Encounter I'll be bold ;

For certainly my Heart will so long hold.

Farewell—be Happy as y^e are Fair and true.

Qu. And all Heav'n's kindest Angels wait on You. [*Ex. with Eb.*

D. Carl. Thus long I wander'd in Love's crooked way,

By Hope's deluding Meteor led astray :

For e're I've half the dang'rous Defart crost,

The glimmering Light's gone out, and I am lost. [*Exit D. Car.*

The End of the Third Act.

The Fourth ACT.

SCENE, *The Anti-Chamber to the Queen's*

Apartment.

Don Carlos, and Posa.

D. Car. **T**HE next is the Apartment of the Queen :

Pos. In vain I try, I must not venture in.

Thus is it with the Souls of murder'd men ;

} *is going*
} *returns*

Who,

Who to their Bodies would agen repair,
 But finding that they cannot enter there,
 Mourning and groaning wander in the Air. }
 Robb'd of my Love, and as unjustly thrown
 From all those Hopes that promis'd me a Crown, }
 My Heart, with the Dishonour's to me done,
 Is poison'd, swells too mighty for my Breast:
 But it will break, and I shall be at rest.
 No; dull Despair this Soul shall never load.
 Though Patience be the Vertue of a God;
 Gods never feel the Ills that govern here,
 Or are above the Injuries we bear.
Father, and King; both Names bear mighty sense:
 Yet sure there's something too in *Son*, and *Prince*.
 I was born high, and will not fall less great.
 Since Triumph crown'd my Birth; I'll have my Fate }
 As Glorious and Majestick too as that.
 To *Flanders, Posa*, straight my Letters send,
 Tell 'em the injur'd *Carlos* is their Friend:
 And that to head their Forces I design;
 So vindicate their Cause, if they dare mine.

Posa. To th' Rebels? —

D. Carl. No, th' are Friends, their Cause is just;
 Or, when I make it mine at least, it must.
 Let th' common Rout like Beasts love to be dull,
 Whilst sordidly they live at ease and full,
 Senseless what Honour or Ambition means,
 And ignorantly drag their load of Chains.
 I am a Prince have had a Crown in view,
 And cannot brook to lose the prospect now.
 If th' art my Friend, do not my will delay.

Posa. I'll do: — [Exit *Posa*.

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. My Lord.

D. Carl. Who calls me?

Eboli. You must stay.

D. Carl. What news of fresh Affliction can you bear?

Eboli. Suppose it were the Queen, you'd stay for her.

D. Carl. For Her? yes, stay an Age, for ever stay;
 Stay ev'n till Time it self shou'd pass away.

Fix here a Statue never to remove,
An everlasting Monument of Love.

Though, may a thing so wretched as I am
But the least place in her Remembrance claim?

Ebol. Yes, if you dare believe me, Sir, you do;
We both can talk of nothing else but You:

Whilst from the Theam ev'n Emulation springs,
Each striving who shall say the kindest things.

D. Carl. But from that Charity I poorly live,
Which onely pities, and can nothing give.

Ebol. Nothing? propose what 'tis you claim, and I,
For ought you know, may be Security.

D. Carl. No, Madam, what's my due none e're can pay;
There stands that Angel Honour in the way,
Watching his Charge with never-sleeping Eyes,
And stops my Entrance into Paradise.

Ebol. What Paradise? what Pleasures can you know
Which are not in my power to bestow?

D. Carl. Love, Love, and all those eager melting Charms,
The Queen must yield when in my Father's Arms.

That Queen so excellently richly fair,

Jove, could he come agen a Lover here,

Would court Mortality to die for her.

Oh Madam, take not pleasure to renew

Those Pains, which if you felt you wou'd not do.

Ebol. Unkindly urg'd: think you no sense I have

Of what you feel? Now you may take your leave:

Something I had to say, but let it die.

D. Carl. Why? Madam, who has injur'd you? not I.

Ebol. Nay, Sir, your presence I would not detain.

Alas, you do not hear that I complain.

Though could you half of my Misfortunes see,

Methinks you should encline to pity me.

D. Carl. I cannot guess what mournfull tale you'd tell;

But I am certain you prepare me well.

Speak, Madam,——

Ebol. Say I lov'd, and with a Flame

Which even melts my tender Heart to name:

Lov'd too a man, I will not say ingrate,

Because he's far above my Birth or Fate:

Yet so far he at least does cruel prove,
 He prosecutes a dead and hopeless Love,
 Starves on a barren Rock, and won't be blest,
 Though I invite him kindly to a Feast.

D. Carl. What stupid Animal could senseless lie,
 Quicken'd by Beams from that illustrious Eye?

Ebol. Nay, to encrease your wonder, you shall know }
 That I, alas! am forc'd to tell him too,
 Till ev'n I blush, as now I tell it you. }

D. Carl. You neither shall have cause of Shame or Fear,
 Whose Secrets safe within my Bosome are.

Ebol. Then farther I the Riddle may explain.

Survey that Face, and blame me if you can. { *Shows him his
own Picture.*

D. Carl. Distraction on my Eyes! what have they seen?
 'Tis my own Picture which I sent the Queen,
 When to her Fame I paid Devotion first,
 Expecting Bliss, but lost it: I am curst.
 Curst too in thee, who from my Saint dar'st steal
 The onely Relique left her of my Zeal,
 And with the Sacrilege attempt my Heart.
 Wert thou more charming then thou think'st thou art,
 Almighty Love preserves the Fort for her,
 And bids defiance to thy Entrance there.

Ebol. Neglected? scorn'd by Father and by Son?
 What a malicious course my Stars have run?

But since I meet with such unlucky Fate }
 In Love, I'll try how I can thrive in Hate. }
 My own dull Husband may assist in that.
 To his Revenge I'll give him fresh alarms, [aside.
 And with the gray old Wizzard muster Charms.

I hav't: thanks, thanks Revenge: Prince, 'tis thy Bane.
 Can you forgive me, Sir? I hope you can. [To Carl. mildly.
 I'll try to recompense the Wrongs I've done,
 And better finish what is ill begun.

D. Carl. Madam, you at so strange a rate proceed,
 I shall begin to think you lov'd indeed.

Ebol. No matter; be but to my Honour true,
 As you shall ever find I'll be to you.

The Queen's my Charge, and you may on that score

Prefume that you shall see her yet once more.
I'll lead you to those so much worshipt Charms,
And yield you to my happy Rival's Arms.

D. Carl. In what a mighty Sum shall I be bound?
I did not think such Vertue could be found.
Thou Mistres of all best Perfections, stay:
Fain I in gratitude wou'd something say;
But am too far in debt for Thanks to pay.

Enter Don John of Austria.

D. John. Where is that Prince, he whose Afflictions speak
So loud, as all Hearts but his own might break?

D. Carl. My Lord, what Fate has left me, I am here,
Mere Man, of all my Comforts stript and bare.
Once like a Vine I flourish'd, and was young,
Rich in my ripening Hopes that spoke me strong:
But now a dry and wither'd Stock am grown,
And all my Clusters and my Branches gone.

D. J. Amongst those numbers which your Wrongs deplore,
Then me there's none that can resent 'em more.
I feel a generous Grudging in my breast,
To see such Honour and such Hopes oppress.
The King your Father is my Brother, true;
But I see more that's like my self in You.
Free-born I am, and not on him depend,
Oblig'd to none, but whom I call my Friend.
And if that Title you think fit to bear,
Accept the Confirmation of it here.

[Embrace.]

D. Carl. From you, to whom I'm by such Kindness ty'd,
The Secrets of my Soul I will not hide.
This generous Princess has her Promise giv'n,
I once more shall be brought in sight of Heav'n;
To the fair Queen my last Devotion pay:
And then for *Flanders* I intend my way.
Where to th'insulting Rebels I'll give Law,
To keep my self from Wrongs, and them in Awe.

D. John. Prosperity to the Design, 'tis good;
Both worthy of your Honour and your Blood.

D. Carl. My Lord, your spreading Glories flourish high,
Above the reach or shock of Destiny;
Mine early nipt like Buds untimely die.

Enter

Enter Officer of the Guard.

Offic. My Lord, I grieve to tell what you must hear;
They are unwelcome Orders which I bear,
Which are, to guard you as a Prisoner.

D. Carl. A Pris'ner? what new game of Fate's begun?
Henceforth be ever curs'd the name of Son,
Since I must be a Slave because I'm one.
Duty? to whom? He's not my Father, no.
Back with your Orders to the Tyrant go;
Tell him his Fury drives too much one way;
I'm weary on't, and can no more obey.

D. John. If ask'd by whose Commands you did decline
Your Orders, tell my Brother, 'twas by mine. [*Ex. Officer.*]

D. Carl. Now were I certain it would sink me quite,
I'd see the Queen once more though but in spite.
Though He with all his Fury were in place,
I wou'd carefs and court her to his face.
Oh that I could this minute die, if so
What he had lost he might too lately know,
Cursing himself to think what he has done:
For I was ever an obedient Son;
With pleasure all his Glories saw when young,
Look'd, and with pride confid'ring whence I sprung,
Joyfully under him and free I play'd,
Baskt in his Shine, and wanton'd in his Shade—

But now—
Cancelling all what e're he then conferr'd,
He thrusts me out among the common Herd:
Nor quietly will there permit my stay,
But drives and hunts me like a Beast of prey.
Affliction! Oh Affliction! 'tis too great,
Nor have I ever learnt to suffer yet.
Though Ruine at me from each side take aim,
And I stand thus encompass'd round with Flame;
Though the devouring fire approaches fast;
Yet will I try to plunge: if power wast,
I lean at worst but sink and burn at last.

[*Ex. D. Carlos.*]
D. John. Go on, pursue thy Fortune while 'tis hot:
I long for work where Honour's to be got.

But;

But, Madam, to this Prince you're wond'rous kind.

Ebol. You are not less to *Henriet*. I find.

D. John. Why, she's a Beauty, tender, young, and fair.

Ebol. I thought I might in Charms have equall'd her.

You told me once my Beauty was not less.

Is this your Faith? are these your Promises?

D. John. You would seem jealous, but are crafty grown;
Tax me of Falsehood, to conceal your own.

Go, y'are a Woman——

Ebol. Yes, I know I am:

And by my Weakness do deserve that name,

When Heart and Honour I to you resign'd.

Would I were not a Woman, or less kind.

D. John. Think you your Falshood was not plainly seen,

When to your Charge my Brother gave the Queen?

Too well I saw it: how did you dispense

In Looks your Pity to th' afflicted Prince?

Whilst I my Duty paid the King, your time

You watcht, and fixt your melting eyes on him,

Admir'd him——

Ebol. Yes, Sir, for his Constancie——

But 'twas with pain, to think you false to me,

When to another's Eyes you Homage paid,

And my true Love wrong'd and neglected laid.

Wrong'd too so far as nothing can restore.

D. John. Nay, then let's part, and think of Love no more.
Farewell—— [D. J. is going.

Ebol. Farewell, if y'are resolv'd to go.

Inhumane *Austria*, can you leave me so?

Enough my Soul is by your Falshood rackt:

Adde not to your Inconstancie Neglect.

Methinks you so far might have gratefull prov'd,

Not to have quite forgotten that I lov'd.

D. John. If e're you lov'd, 'tis you, not I forget.

For a Remove 'tis here too deeply set,

Firm rooted, and for ever must remain. [Ebol. turns away.

Why thus unkind?——

Ebol. Why are you jealous then?

[turns to him.

D. John. Come, let it be no more: I'm husht and still.

Will you forgive?

Ebol.

Ebol. How can you doubt my will?
I do.

D. John. Then send me not away unblest.

Ebol. Till your Return I will not think of Rest.

Carlos will hither suddenly repair.

The next Apartment's mine; I'll wait you there.

Farewell.

[*Eboli seems to weep.*]

D. John. O do not let me see a Tear;

It quenches Joy, and stifles Appetite.

Like War's fierce God upon my Bliss I'd prey;

Who, from the furious Toils of Arms all day,

Returning home to Love's fair Queen at night,

Comes riotous and hot with full Delight—[*Exit D. John.*]

Ebol. H'has reapt his Joys, and now he would be free,

And to effect it puts on Jealousie.

But I'm as much a Libertine as he;

As fierce my Will, as furious my Desires.

Yet will I hold him: Though Enjoyment tires,

Though Love and Appetite be at the best,

He'll serve, as common Meats fill up a Feast,

And look like Plenty, though we never taste.

Enter Rui-Gomez.

Old Lord, I bring thee News will make thee young.

R. Go. Speak; there was always Musick in thy Tongue.

Ebol. Thy Foes are tottering, and the Day's thy own:

Give 'em but one Lift now, and they go down.

Quickly to th' King, and all his Doubts renew:

Appear disturb'd, as if you something knew

Too difficult and dang'rous to relate,

Then bring him hither labouring with the weight.

I will take care that *Carlos* shall be here:

So for his jealous Eyes a fight prepare,

Shall prove more fatal than *Medusa's* Head,

And he more Monster seem than she e're made.

Enter King attended.

King. Still how this Tyrant Doubt torments my Breast!

When shall I get th' Usurper dispossess?

My Thoughts, like Birds when frighted from their nest,

Around

Around the place where all was hush'd before
Flutter; and hardly settle any more——

Ha, *Gomez!* what art thou thus musing on? [*Sees Gomez.*]

R. Gom. I'm thinking what it is to have a Son.
What mighty Cares and what tempestuous Strife
Attend on an unhappy Father's life.

How Children Blessings seem, but Torments are;
When young our Folly, and when old our Fear.

King. Why dost thou bring these odd Reflexions here?
Thou enviest sure the Quiet which I bear.

R. Gom. No, Sir, I joy i'th' Ease which you possess,
And with you never may have cause for less.

King. Have cause for less? come nearer: thou art sad,
And look'st as thou wouldst tell me that I had.

Now, now I feel it rising up again——

Speak quickly, where is *Carlos*? where the Queen?
What? not a word? have my Wrongs struck thee dumb?
Or art thou swoln and labouring with my Doom,
Yet dar'st not let the fatal Secret come? }

R. Gom. Heav'n great Infirmities to Age allots:
I'm old, and have a thousand doting Thoughts.
Seek not to know 'em, Sir.

King. By Heav'n I must.

R. Gom. Nay, I wou'd not be by compulsion just.

King. Yet, if without it you refuse, you shall.

R. Gom. Grant me then one Request, I'll tell you all.

King. Name thy Petition, and conclude it done.

R. Gom. It is that you wou'd here forgive your Son
For all his past Offences to this hour.

King. Th' hast almost ask'd a thing beyond my pow'r.
But so much Goodness i'th' Request I find,
Spite of my self I'll for thy sake be kind.
His Pardon's seal'd: the Secret now declare.

R. Gom. Alas! 'tis onely that I saw him here.——

King. Where? with the Queen? Yes, yes, 'tis so I'm sure.
Never were Wrongs so great as I endure.
So great, that they are grown beyond Complaint,
For half my Patience might have made a Saint.
Oh Woman! monstrous Woman!
Did I for this into my Breast receive
The promising repenting Fugitive? :

But,

But, *Gomez*, I will throw her back agen;
 And thou shalt see me smile, and tear her then.
 I'll crush her Heart, where all the Poison lies,
 Till, when the Venom's out, the Viper dies.

R. Gom. They the best method of Revenge pursue,
 Who so contrive that it may Justice shew;
 Stay till their Wrongs appear at such a head,
 That Innocence may have no room to plead.
 Your Fury, Sir, at least a while delay.
 I guess the Prince may come agen this way.
 Here I'll withdraw, and watch his Privacy.

King. And when he's fixt, be sure bring word to me.
 Till then, I'll bridle Vengeance, and retire,
 Within my Breast suppress this angry Fire,
 Till to my Eyes my Wrongs themselves display;
 Then, like a Falcon, gently cut my way,
 And with my Pounces seize th'unwary Prey. } [*Ex. King.*]

Enter Eboli.

Eboli. I've over-heard the Business with delight,
 And find Revenge will have a Feast to night.
 Though thy declining years are in their wane,
 I can perceive there's youth still in thy Brain.
 Away: the Queen is coming higher. [*Ex. R. Gom.*]

Enter Queen, and Women, Henrietta.

Queen.——Now
 To all Felicity a long adieu.
 Where are you, *Eboli*?

Eboli.——Madam, I'm here.

Qu. Oh how fresh Fears assault me every-where!
 I hear that *Carlos* is a Prisoner made.

Eboli. No, Madam, he the Orders disobey'd;
 And boldly owns for *Flanders* he intends,
 To head the Rebels, whom he styles his Friends.
 But ere he goes, by me does humbly sue,
 That he may take his last Farewell of you.

Queen. Will he then force his Destiny at last?
 Hence quickly to him, *Eboli*, make haste:
 Tell him, I beg his Purpose he'd delay.
 Or if that can't his Resolution stay,

Say

Say I have sworn not to survive the hour
In which I hear that he has left this Shore.
Tell him, I've gain'd his Pardon of the King.
Tell him—to stay him—tell him any thing.—

Ebol. One word from you his Duty would restore:
And though you promis'd ne'r to see him more,
Methinks you might upon so just a score.
But see he's here——

Enter Don Carlos.

D. Carl. Run out of breath by Fate,
And persecuted by a Father's Hate,
Wear'd with all, I panting hither fly,
To lay my self down at your Feet and die. } *Kneels and kiss*

Qu. Oh too unhappy Carlos! yet unkind? } *sees her hands.*
'Gainst you what Harms have ever I design'd,
That you should with such violence decree,
Ungratefully at last to murder me?

D. Carl. Pour all thy Curses, Heav'n, upon this Head,
For I've the worst of Vengeance merited,
That yet I impudently live to hear
My self upbraided of a Wrong to Her. [he rises.

Say, has your Honour been by me betray'd?
Or have I Snares t'entrap your Vertue laid?
Tell me: if not, why do you then upbraid?

Queen. You will not know th' Afflictions which you give.
Was't not my last Request, that you wou'd live?
I by our Vows conjur'd it; but I see,
Forgetting them, unmindfull too of me,
Regardless your own Ruine you design,
Though you are sure to purchase it with mine.

D. Carl. I, as you bad me live, obey'd with pride;
Though it was harder far then to have di'd.
But loss of Liberty my life disdains:
These Limbs were never made to suffer Chains.
My Father should have singl'd out some Crown,
And bidden me go conquer't for my own:
He should have seen what Carlos would have done.
But to proscribè my Freedom, sink me low
To base Confinement, where no Comforts flow,

But black Despair that foul Tormentour lies,
 With all my present load of Miseries,
 Was to my Soul too violent a Smart,
 And rous'd the sleeping Lion in my Heart.

Queen. Yet then be kind; your angry Father's Rage,
 I know, the least Submission will assuage.
 You're hot with Youth, He's cholerick with Age.

To him, and put a true Obedience on;
 Be humble, and express your self a Son.

Carlos, I beg it of you: will you not?

D. Carl. Methinks 'tis very hard; but yet I'll do't.

I must obey whatever you prefer,
 Knowing y'are all Divine, and cannot err.

For if my Doom's unalt'erable, I shall

This way at least with less Dishonour fall:

And Princes less my Tameness thus condemn,

When I for You shall suffer, though by Him.

Queen. In my Apartment farther we'll debate

Of this, and for a happy issue wait.

Your presence there he cannot disapprove,

When it shall speak your Duty, and my Love.

Enter R. Gomez.

*Ex. Carl.
 and Queen.*

Ebol. Now, *Gomez,* triumph: all is ripe: the Toil

Has caught 'em, and Fate saw it with a smile.

Thus far the Work of Destiny was mine;

But I'm content the Master-piece be thine.

Away to th' King, prepare his Soul for Blood;

A Mystery thou well hast understood:

Whilst I go rest within a Lover's Arms,

And to my *Austria* lay out all my Charms.

[Aside. Exit.]

R. Gom. Fate open now thy Book, and set 'em down:

I have already markt 'em for thy own.

Enter King, and Posa at a distance.

My Lord the King.

King. Gomez?

R. Gom. The same.

King. Hast seen

The Prince?

R. Gom. I have:

King. Where is he?

R. Gom. With the Queen.

King.

King. Now ye that dwell in everlasting Flame,
And keep Records of all ye mean to damn,
Shew me, if 'mongst your Precedents there ere
Was seen a Son like him, or Wife like her.
Hark, *Gomez*, didst not hear th' Infernals groan?
Hush Hell a little, and they are thy own.

Posa. Who should these be? the King and *Gomez* sure. *at a di-*
Methinks I wish that *Carlos* were secure. *stance.*
For *Flanders* his Dispatches I've prepar'd.

King. Who's there? 'Tis *Posa*, Pander to *draw*
(their Lust. *near*
to *Posa*.

Now, *Gomez*, to his Heart thy Dagger thrust:
In the pursuit of Vengeance drive it far;
Strike deep, and, if thou canst, wound *Carlos* there.

R. Gom. I'll do't as close as happy Lovers kiss:
May he strike mine, if of his Heart I miss.

Thus, Sir, *Stabs him.*

Posa. Ha, *Gomez*! Villain! thou hast done
Thy worst: but yet I would not die alone:

Here, Dog *Stabs at him.*

R. Gom. So brisk? then take it once again. *As they are struggling*
'Twas only, Sir, to put you out of Pain. *the dispatches fall out*
if Posa's eyes.

Posa. My Lord the King, (but Life too far is gone,
I faint) be mindfull of your Queen and Son. *Dies.*

King. The Slave in Death repents, and warns me. Yes,
I shall be very mindfull. What are These? *Takes up the*
For *Flanders*? with the Prince's Signet seal'd? *Dispatches.*
Here's Villany has yet been unreveal'd;
See, *Gomez*, Practices against my Crown. *Shows em him.*
Treason and Lust have join'd to pull me down.
Yet still I stand like a firm sturdy Rock,
Whilst they but split themselves with their own shock.
But I too long delay, give word I come.

R. Gom. What hea within! the King is nigh, make room.

The SCENE draws, and discovers *D.*, *John* and

Edo *entering.*

King. Now let mischief can to Fury add,
That when I thunder I may strike em dead.

Looking earnestly on em.
Ha,

Ha—Gomez! on this Truth depends thy Life.

Why, that's our Brother Austria.

R. Gom. And my Wife,

Embracing close. Whilst I was busie grown

In others Ruines, here I've met my own.

Oh! had I perish'd e're 'twas understood.

King. This is the Nest where Lust and Falshood brood

Is it not admirable?—

R. Gom. O Sir, yes.

Ten thousand Devils tear the Sorcerers—

King. But they are gone, and my Dishonour's near.

Enter D. Carlos and Queen discoursing.

Look, my incestuous Son and Wife appear

See, Gomez, how she languishes and dies.

'Sdeath! there are very Pulses in her Eyes.

[D. Carlos approaches the King.

D. Carl. In Peace Heav'n ever guard the King from Harms;

In War Success and Triumph crown his Arms;

Till all the Nations of the World shall be

Humbled and prostrate at his Feet like me. [Kneels.

I hear your Fury has my Death design'd.

Though I've deserv'd the worst, you may be kind:

Behold me as your poor unhappy Son,

And do not spill that Blood which is your own.

King. Yes, when my Blood grows tainted, I ne'r doubt,

But for my Health 'tis good to let it out.

But thine's a Stranger, like thy Soul, to me.

Or else be curs'd thy Mother's memory

And doubly curs'd be that unhappy Night

In which I purchas'd Torment with Delight.

D. Carl. Thus then I lay aside all rights of Blood,

My Mother curs'd? she was a Just and Good

Tyrant: too good to stay with thee below,

And therefore's blest; and rears above thee now

Submission, which way got it entrance here.

King. Perhaps it came ere Treason was a Word

Thy traitorous Designs now come to light,

Too great and horrid to be hid in Night.

See here my Honour and thy Duty's Stains

I've paid your Secretary for his pains.

He

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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He waits you there, to Council with him go, } Shows Po-
} sa's Body.
Ask what Intelligence from *Flanders* now.

D. Carl. My Friend here slain, my faithfull *Posa*'tis.
Good Heav'n! what have I done to merit this?
What Temples sackt? what Desolations made,
To pull down such a Vengeance on my Head?
This, Villain, was thy work: what Friend of thine [*To Gomez.*
Did I e're wrong, that thou should'st murder mine?
But I'll take care it shall not want Reward — [*Draws.*

King. Courage, my *Gomez*, since thy King's thy Guard.
Come, Rebel, and thy Villanies fulfill.

D. Carl. No; though unjust, you are my Fa- } Throws away
} (ther still; } his Sword.

And from that Title must your Safety own:
'Tis that which awes my Hand, and not your Crown.
'Tis true, all there contain'd I had design'd:
To such a height your Jealousie was grown;
It was the onely way that I could find
To work your Peace, and to procure my own.

King. Thinking my Youth and Vigour to decrease,
You'd ease me of my Crown to give me Peace.

D. Carl. Alas! you fetch your Misconstructions far. }
The Injuries to Me, and Wrongs to Her, }
Were much too great for Empire to repair. }
When you forgot a Father's Love, and quite }
Depriv'd me of a Son's and Prince's Right; }
Branded my Honour, and pursu'd my Life, }
My Duty long with Nature was at strife. }
Not that I fear'd my Memory or Name }
Could suffer by the voice of common Fame; }
A thing I still esteem'd beneath my Pride. }
For though condemn'd by all the World beside, }
Had you but thought me just, I could have did. }
At last this onely way I found, to fly }
Your Anger, and divert your Jealousie — }
To go for *Flanders*, and be so remov'd. }
From all I ever honour'd, ever lov'd. }
There in your right hoping I might compleat,
'Spight of my Wrongs, some Action truly great.

Thus

Thus by my Faith and Sufferings to out-wear
Your Hate, and shun that Storm which threaten'd here.

Queen. And can this merit Hate? he wou'd forgo
The Joys and Charms of Courts to purchase you;
Banish himself, and stem the dang'rous Tide
Of lawless Outrage, and rebellious Pride.

King. How evenly she pleads in his defence!
So blind is Guilt when 'twou'd seem Innocence.

She thinks her Softness may my Rage disarm.
No, *Sorceress*, y're mistaken in your Charm,
And whilst you sooth, do but assist the Storm.
Do, take full view of your tall able Slave;
Look hard; it is the last y're like to have.

*Q. looking
on Carlos.*

D. Carl. My Life or Death are in your pow'r to give.

King. Yes, and thou dy'st.

D. Carl. Not till she give me leave.

She is the Star that rules my Destiny:
And whilst her Aspect's kind, I cannot die.

Qu. No, Prince, for ever live, be ever blest.

King. Yes, I will send him to's eternal Rest.

Oh! had I took the Journey long ago,

I ne'r had known the Pains that rack me now.

Queen. What Pains? what Backs?

Approaching him.

King. Avoid, and touch me not.

I see thee foul, all ope Incestuous Blot;

Thy broken Vows are in thy guilty Face.

Queen. Have I then in your Pity left no place?

King. Oh! thus it was you drew me in before.

With Promises you ne'r would see him more.

But now your subtlest Wiles too weak are grown;

I've gotten Freedom, and I'll keep't my own.

Queen. May you be ever free; but can your Mind

Conceive that any Ill was here design'd?

He hither came onely that he might show

Obedience, and be reconcil'd to you.

You saw his humble, dutifull Address.

King. But you before-hand sign'd the happy Peace.

Enter Eboli

Oh Princess, thank you for the Care you take.

Tell me, how got this Monster Entrance? speak.

Eboli.

Ebol. Heav'n witness, 'twas without my knowledge done.

R. Gom. No, she had other Bus'nels of her own. [*aside.*
Oh Bloud and Murther!—

King. All are false: A Guard. [*Enter Guard.*
Seize on that Traitour. ———— [*To Carlos.*

D. Carl. Welcome; I'm prepar'd.

Queen. Stay, Sir, let me die too: I can obey.

King. No, thou shalt live. [*Seemingly kind.*

By Heav'n, but not a Day.

I a Revenge so exquisite have fram'd, [*aside.*
She unrepenting dies, and so she's damn'd.

Henr. If ever Pity could your Heart ingage,
If e're you hope for Blessings on your Age,
Incline your ears to a poor Virgin's Pray'r.

King. I dare not venture thee, thou art too fair.
What would'st thou say?

Henr. Destroy not in One man
More Vertue then the World can boast agen.
View him the eldest Pledge of your first Love,
Your Virgin-Joys: that may some Pity move—

King. No; for the Wrongs I suffer weigh it down: =
I'd now not spare his Life to save my own.
Away, by thy soft Tongue I'll not be caught.

Henr. By all that Hopes can frame I beg. If not,
May you by some base hand unpity'd die,
And childless Mothers curse your Memory.
By Honour, Love, by Life——

King. Fond Girl, away.
By Heav'n, I'll kill thee else. Still dar'st thou stay?
Cannot Death terrifie thee?

Henr.——No, for I,
If you refuse me, am resolv'd to die.

D. Carl. Kind Fair one, do not waist your Sorrows here
On me, too wretched, and not worth a Tear.
There yet for you are mighty Joys in store,
When I in Dust am laid, and seen no more.
Oh Madam!——

[*To the Queen.*

Qu. Oh my *Carlos!* must you die,
For me? no Mercy in a Father's Eye?

D. Carl.

D. Carl. Hide, hide your Tears, into my Soul they dart
A Tenderneſs that miſbecomes my Heart:
For ſince I muſt, I like a Prince would fall,
And to my aid my Manly ſpirits call.

Qu. You like a Man as roughly as you will
May die, but let me be a Woman ſtill.

[*Weeps.*]

King. Th'art Woman, a true Copy of the firſt,
In whom the Race of all Mankind was curſt.
Your Sex by Beauty was to Heav'n ally'd;
But your great Lord the Devill taught you Pride.
He too an Angel till he durſt rebell;
And you are ſure the Stars that with him fell.
Weep on; a ſtock of Tears like Vows you have,
And alwaies ready when you wou'd deceive.

Qu. Cruel! Inhumane! Oh my Heart! why ſhou'd
I throw away a Title that's ſo good,
On one a Stranger to what-e're was ſo?
Alas, I'm torn, and know not what to doe.
The juſt reſentment of my Wrong's ſo great,
My Spirits ſink beneath the heavy weight.
Tyrant, ſtand off: I hate thee, and will try
If I have Scorn enough to make me die.

{ *Ready to ſink
with paſſion.*

D. Car. Bleſt Angel, ſtay—— [*Takes her in his Arms.*]

Qu. *Carlos*, the ſole Embrace

You ever took, you have before his face.

D. Carl. No wealthy Monarch of the plenteous Eaſt, }
In all the Glories of his Empire dreſt, }
Was ever half ſo rich, or half ſo bleſt. }
But from ſuch Bleſs how wretched is the fall!
They too, like us, muſt die, and leave it all.

King. All this before my face? what Soul could bear't?
Go force her from him.

[*Officer approaches.*]

D. Car.——Slave, 'twill coſt thy Heart.
Th'adſt better meet a Lion on his way,
And from his hungry Jaws reprite the Prey.
She's Miſtreſs of my Soul, and to prepare
My ſelf for Death, I muſt conſult with her.

R. Go. Have pity——

[*Ironically.*]

King. Hence, How wretchedly he rules,
That's ſerv'd by Cowards, and advi'd by Fools.
Oh Torture!——

D. Car.

D. Carl.—Rouze, my Soul, consider now,
That to thy blissfull Mansion thou must go.
But I so mighty Joys have tasted here,
I hardly shall have sense of any there.
Oh soft as Blossoms, and yet sweeter far!
Sweeter then Incense which to Heav'n ascends,
Though 'tis presented there by Angels hands.

*Leaning on
her bosom.*

King. Still in his Arms? Cowards, go tear her forth.

D. Carl. You'll sooner from its Center shake the Earth.
I'll hold her fast till my last Hour is nigh;
Then I'll bequeath her to you when I die.

King. Cut off his hold or any thing.—

D. Carl.—Ay come;

Here kill, and bear me hence into my Tomb.
I'd have my Monument erected Here,
With broken mangled Lims still clasping her.

Qu. Hold, and I'll quit his Arms—*[The Gu. offer their Axes.]*

King. Now bear him hence.

[They part.]

Qu. Oh horrid Tyrant!
Stay, Unhappy Prince—

*The Gu. are hurry-
ing Carlos off.*

Turn, turn: Oh Torment! must I leave you so?

No, stay and take me with you where you go.

D. Carl. Hark, Slaves, my Goddess summons me to stay.
Dogs! have you Eyes, and can you disobey?
See her? Oh let me but just touch my Blifs.

*Pressing
forward.*

King. By Hell he shant: Slaves, are ye mine, or his?

Qu. My Life—

D. Carl.—My Soul, farewell—

Qu.—He's gone, he's gone!
Now, Tyrant, to thy Rage I'm left alone.
Give me my Death, that hate both Life and Thee.

[Exit Carlos.]

King. I know thou dost, yet live!

Qu.—Oh Misery!
Why was I born to be thus curst? or why
Should Life be forc'd, when 'tis so sweet to die?

*Throws
her self on
the floor.*

King. Thou, Woman, hast been false: but to renew
Thy Credit in my heart, assist me now.
Prepare a draught of Poison, such as will
Act slow, and by degrees of Torment kill.

Give it the Queen, and to prevent all sense
Of dying, tell her I've releas'd the Prince,
And that e're Morning he'll attend her. I
In a Disguise his presence will supply;
So glut my Rage, and smiling see her die.

Ebol. Your Majesty shall be obey'd—

R. Go. Doe, work thy Mischiefs to their last degree,
And when th'are in their height I'll murder thee. *[aside.]*

King. Now, *Gomez*, ply my Rage, and keep it hot;
O're Love and Nature I've the Conquest got.
Still charming Beauty triumphs in her Eyes; *{ Looking at*
Yet for my Honour and my Rest she dies. *{ the Queen.*

[Exeunt Queen and Women.]

But, oh! what Ease can I expect to get,
When I must purchase at so dear a rate?

[Exeunt omnes.]

The SCENE falls.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT the Fifth. SCENE the First.

Enter King. solus.

King. **T**Is Night, the season when the Happy take
Repose, and onely Wretches are awake:
Now discontented Ghosts begin their rounds,
Haunt ruin'd Buildings and unwholsome Grounds;
Or at the Curtains of the Restless wait,
To frighten 'em with some sad tale of Fate,
When I would rest, I can no Rest obtain:
The Ills I've born ev'n o're my Slumbers reign,
And in sad Dreams torment me o're again.
The fatal Business is e're this begun:
I'm shockt and start to think what I have done.
But I forget how I that *Philip* am
So much for Constancy renown'd by Fame;

Who

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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Who through the progress of my Life was ne'r
By Hopes transported, or depress'd by Fear.
No, it is gone too far to be recall'd,
And Stedfastness will make the Act extoll'd.

Enter Eboli in a Night-Gown.

Who? *Eboli?*

Ebol. My Lord.

King. Is the Deed done?

Ebol. 'Tis, and the Queen to seek Repose is gone.

King. Can she expect it, who allow'd me none?

No, *Eboli*; her Dreams must be as full

Of Horrour and as Hellish as her Soul.

Does she believe the Prince has Freedom gain'd?

Ebol. She does.

King. How were the Tidings entertain'd?

Ebol. O're all her Face young wandring Blushes were,
Such as speak Hopes too weak to conquer Fear.—

But when confirm'd, no Lover e're so kind:

She clasp'd me fast, caress'd, and call'd me Friend.

Which Opportunity I took to give

The Poison; and till Day she cannot live.

King. Quickly then to her: say that *Carlos* here

Waits to confirm his Happiness with her.

Go; that my Vengeance I may finish quite:

'Twould be imperfect should I lose the Sight.

But to contrive that I may not be known,

And she may still mistake me for my Son,

Remove all Lights but that which may suffice

To let her see me scorn her when she dies.

Ebol. You'll find her all in ruffall Sables clad;

With one dim Lamp that yields imperfect light;

Such as in Vaults assist the ghastly Shade,

Where wretched Widows come to weep at Night.

Thus she resolves to die, or living mourn;

Till *Carlos* shall with Liberty return.

King. Oh stedfast Sin! incorrigible Lust!

Not damn'd? it is impossible, she must.

How do I long to see her in her Pains,

The pois'nous Sulphur rowling through her Veins.

Enter D. John and Attendants.

Who's there? my Brother?

D. John. Yes, Sir, and your Friend.

What can your Prefence here so late intend?

King. Oh *Austria*, Fate's at work; a Deed's in hand
Will put thy youthfull Courage to a stand.
Survey me: do I look as heretofore?

D. John. You look like King of *Spain*, and Lord of Pow'r:
Like one who still seeks Glory on the Wing:
You look as I would do, were I a King.

King. A King? why I am more, I'm all that can
Be counted miserable in a man.
But thou shalt see how calm anon I'll grow:
I'll be as happy and as gay as Thou.

D. John. No, Sir, my Happiness you cannot have,
Whilst to your abject Passions thus a Slave,
To know my Ease you Thoughts like mine must bring;
Be something less a Man, and more a King.

King. I'm growing so. 'Tis true, that long I strove
With pleading Nature, combated with Love,
Those Witchcrafts that had bound my Soul so fast;
But now the date of the Enchantment's past.
Before my Rage like Ruines down they fall,
And I mount up true Monarch o're 'em all.

D. John. I know your Queen and Son y'ave doom'd to die,
And fear by this the fatal hour is nigh.
Why would you cut a sure Succession off,
At which your Friends must grieve, and Foes will laugh;
As if since Age has from you took away
Increase, you'd grow malicious and destroy?

King. Doubt it not, *Austria*: Thou my Brother art,
And in my Blood I'm certain hast a part.
Onely the Justice of my Vengeance own,
Thou'rt Heir of *Spain*, and my adopted Son.

D. John. I must confess there in a Crown are Charms,
Which I would court in bloody Fields and Arms;
But in my Nephew's wrong I must decline,
Since he must be extinguish'd ere I shine.
To mount a Throne o're Battlements I'd climb,
Where Death should wait on Me, not I on Him.

Did

Did you e're love, or have you ever known
The mighty Value of so brave a Son?

King. I guess'd I should be treated thus before ;
I know it is thy Kindness, but no more.
Thou living free, alas! art easie grown,
And think't all Hearts as honest as thy own.

D. John. Nor, Sir, so easie, as I must be bold,
And speak what you perhaps wou'd have untold;
That y're a Slave to th' vilest that obey, }
Such as Disgrace on Royal Favour lay, }
And blindly follow as they lead astray: }
Voracious Varlets, fardid Hangers-on, }
Best by Familiarity th'are known, }

Yet shrink at Frowns, but when you smile they fawn. }
Th'are these have wrong'd you and abus'd your Ears, }
Possess your Mind with false mis-grounded Fears. }

King. Mis-grounded Fears? why? is there any Truth
In Womens Vows, or Disobedient Youth?
I sooner would believe this World were Heav'n,
Where I have nought but Toils and Torment met,
And never Comfort yet to man was given
But thou shalt see how my Revenge I'll treat.

*The SCENE draws and discovers the Queen (alone),
in mourning on her Couch with a Lamp by her.*

Look where she sits, as quiet and serene, }
As if she never had a Thought of Sin; } *[Ironically.]*
In Mourning, her wrong'd Innocence to show.
Sh'has sworn't so oft that she believes it true.
O'rewhelm'd with Sorrow she'll in darkness dwell, }
So we have heard of Witches in a Cell, }
Treating with Fiends and making Leagues with Hell. }

[Q. rises, and comes towards him.]

Queen. My Lord Prince Carlos? may it be believ'd?
Are my Eyes blest? and am I not deceiv'd?

King. My Queen, my Love, I'm here. — *[Embraces her.]*

Queen. My Lord the King?
This is surprizing Kindness which you bring.
Can you believe me Innocent at last?
Methinks my Griefs are half already past.

King.

King. O Tongue in nothing practis'd but Deceit!
Too well she knew him, not to find the Cheat.
Yes, vile Incestuous Woman, it is I
The King; look on me well, despair, and die.

Queen. Why had you not pronounc'd my Doom before,
Since to Affliction you could adde no more?
Methinks Death is less welcome, when I find
You could but counterfeit a Look that's kind.

King. No, now th'art fit for Death: had I believ'd
Thou could'st have been more wicked, thou had'st liv'd.
Liv'd, and gone on in Lust and Riot still.
But I perceiv'd thee early ripe for Hell:
And that of the Reward thou might'st not miss,
This night th'ast drank thy Bane, th'art Poison'd; yes,
Thou art——

Queen.——Then welcome everlasting Bliss.
But ere I die, let me here make a Vow.
By Heav'n, and all I hope for there, I'm True.

King. Vows you had always ready when you spoke:
How many of 'em have you made, and broke?
Yet there's a Pow'r that does your Falshood hear,
A Just one too, and lets thee live to swear.
How comes it that above such Mercy dwells,
To permit Sin, and make us Infidels?

Queen. You have been ever so to all that's Good,

My Innocence had else been understood.

At first your Love was nothing but your Pride:

When I arriv'd to be the Prince's Bride,

You then a kind indulgent Father were:

But finding me unfortunately Fair,

Thought me a Prize too rich to be possess'd

By him, and forc'd Your self into my Breast;

Where you maintain'd an unresist'd Pow'r;

Not your own Daughter could have lov'd you more:

Till, conscious of your Age, my Faith was blam'd,

And I a lewd Adulteress proclaim'd,

Accus'd of foulest Incest with your Son.

What more could my worst Enemy have done?

King. Nothing, I hope; I would not have it said;
That in my Vengeance any fault I made.

Love me? oh low pretence, too feebly built!
But 'tis the constant fault of dying Guilt,
Ev'n to the last to cry th'are Innocent;
When their Despair's so great, they can't repent.

Queen. Thus having urg'd your Malice to the head,
You spitefully are come to rail me dead.
Had I been Man, and had an impious Wife,
With speedy Fury I'd have snatch'd her life;
Torn a broad passage open to her Heart,
And there have ransackt each polluted part;
Triumph'd and laugh'd t'have seen the issuing Flood,
And wantonly have bath'd my hands in Blood.
That had out-done the low Revenge You bring,
Much fitter for a Woman than a King.

King. I'm glad I know what Death you'd wish to have:
You would go down in silence to your Grave;
Remove from future Fame, as present Times,
And bury with you if you could your Crimes.
No, I will have my Justice understood,
Proclaim thy Falshood and thy Lust aloud.

Queen. About it then, the noble Work begin;
Be proud and boast how cruel you have been.
Oh how a Monarch's Glory 'twill advance!
Doe, quickly let it reach the ears of *France*.
I've there a Royal Brother that is young,
Who'll certainly revenge his Sister's wrong;
Into thy *Spain* a mighty Army bring,
Tumble thee from thy Throne a wretched thing,
And make it quite forgot thou e're wert King.

King. I ne'r had pleasure with her till this Night:
The Viper finds she's crush'd, and fain would bite.
Oh, were He here, and durst maintain that word,
I'd like an Eagle seize the callow Bird,
And gripe him till the dastard Craven cry'd,
Then throw him panting by his Sister's side.

Qu. Alas! I faint and sink; my Lord, your Hand: [*To D. J.*]
My Spirits fail, and I want strength to stand.

D. J. Oh Jealousie,
A Curse which none but he that bears it knows! *Leads her to*
So rich a Treasure who would live to lose? *a Chair.*

King.

King. The Poison works, Heav'n grant there were enough:
She is so foul, she may be Poison-proof.

Now, my false Fair one——

Qu. Tyrant, hence be gone,
This Hour's my last, and let it be my own.
Away, away; I would not leave the Light,
With such a hated Object in my sight.

King. No, I will stay and ev'n thy Pray'rs prevent:
I would not give thee leisure to Repent;
But let thy Sins all in one throng combine
To plague thy Soul, as thou hast tortur'd mine.

Qu. Glut then your Eyes, your Tyrant-Fury feed,
And triumph: but remember, when I'm dead,
Hereafter on your dying Pillows you
May feel those Tortures which you give me now.
Go on, your worst Reproaches I can bear,
And with 'em all you shall not force a Tear.

King. Thus, *Austria*, my lost Freedom I obtain,
And once more shall appear my self again.
Love held me fast, whilst, like a foolish Boy,
I of the thing was fond because 'twas gay;
But now I've thrown the gaudy Toy away. }

Eboli within.

Ebol. Help, murder, help.——

King.—See, *Austria*, whence that Cry:
Call up our Guards, there may be Danger nigh. [*Enter Guard.*

Enter Eboli in her night-dress wounded and bleeding,
Rui-Gomez pursuing her.

Ebol. Oh! guard me from that cruel Murderer.
But 'tis in vain, the Steel has gone too far.
Turn, wretched King, I've something to unfold,
Nor can I die till the sad Secret's told.

King. The Woman's mad: to some Apartment by
Remove her, where she may grow tame and die.
Fate came abroad to night resolv'd to range.
I love a kind Companion in Revenge. [*hugs R. Go.*

Ebol. If in your Heart Truth any favour wins,
If e're you would repent of secret Sins,
Hear me a word.

King.

King.—What would'st thou say? be brief.

Ebol. Doe what you can to save that precious Life;

Try every Art that may her Death prevent:

You are abus'd, and she is Innocent.

When I perceiv'd my Hopes of you were vain,

Led by my Lust I practis'd all my Charms,

To gain the Prince *Don Carlos* to my Arms.

But there too crost, I did the Purpose change,

And Pride made Him my Engine for Revenge; [To R. Go.

Taught him to raise your growing Jealousie.

Then my wild Passion at this Prince did fly, } To D. J.

And that was done for which I now must die. }

King. Ha, *Gomez!* speak, and quickly; is it so?

R. Go. I'm sorry you should doubt if't be or no.

She by whose Lust my Honour was betray'd

Cannot want Malice now to take my Head,

And therefore does this Penitence pretend.

Ebol. Oh *Austria*, take away that ugly Fiend:

He smiles and mocks me, waiting for my Soul:

See how his glaring fiery Eye-balls rowl.

R. Go. Thus is her Fancy tortur'd by her Guilt.

But since you'll have my Blood, let it be spilt.

King. No more——

[To R. Go.

Speak on, I charge thee, by the Rest

[To Eb.

Thou hop'st, the Truth, and as thou shalt be blest.

Ebol. As what I've said is so,

There may I find, where I must answer all,

What most I need, Heav'n's Mercy on my Soul.

[Dies.

King. Heav'n! she was sensible that she should die,

And durst not in the minute tell a Lie.

D. J. His Guilt's too plain, see his wild staring Eye.

By Unconcern he would show Innocence:

But harden'd Guilt ne'r wanted the pretence

Of great Submission, when't had no Defence.

Thus whilst of Life you shew this little Care,

You seem not guiltless, but betray Despair.

King. His Life? what Satisfaction can that give?

But oh! in Doubt I must for ever live,

And lose my Peace——Yet I the truth will find:

I'll rack him for't. Go, in this minute bind

Him to the Wheel——

I

R. Go.

R. Go. How have I this deserv'd,
Who onely your Commands obey'd and serv'd?
What would you have me doe?

King.—I'd have thee tell
The truth: do, Gomez, all shall then be well.

R. Go. Alas! like you, Sir, in a Cloud I'm lost,
And can but tell you what I think at most.
You set me as a Spy upon the Prince,
And I still brought the best Intelligence
I could; till finding Him too much aware
Of me, I nearer measures took by Her:
Which if I after a false Copy drew,
'Tis I have been Unfortunate as You.

King. And is this all thou hast for Life to show?

R. Go. Dear Sir, your Pardon, it is all I know.

King. Then, Villain, I am damn'd as well as thou.
Heav'n, where is now thy sleeping Providence,
That took so little care of Innocence?
Oh Austria, had I to thy Truth inclin'd,
Had I been half so good as thou wert kind.
But I'm too tame: secure that Traitour. Oh
Earth open, to thy Center let me go,
And there for ever hide my Impious Head.
Thou fairest purest Creature Heav'n e're made,
Thy injur'd Truth too late I've understood:
Yet live, and be Immortal as th'art Good.

{ Guard sei-
zes him.

Queen. Can you to think me Innocent incline
On her bare word, and would not credit mine?
The Poison's very busie at my Heart:
Methinks I see Death shake his threatning Dart.
Why are you kind, and make it hard to die?
Persist, continue on the Injury:

Call me still Vile, Incestuous, all that's foul.

King. Oh pity, pity my despairing Soul;
Sink it not quite. Raise my Physicians strain;
Hasten 'em quickly e're it be too late.
Propose Rewards may set their Skill at strife:
I'll give my Crown to him that saves her Life.

Curst Dog!—

[To Gomez.

D. J. Vile Prostitute!

King.

King.—Revengefull Fiend!
But I've forgotten half: to *Carlos* send;
Prevent what his Despair may make him doe.

Enter Henrietta.

Henr. Oh Horrour, Horrour! everlasting Woe!
The Prince, the Prince!

King. Hah? speak.——

Henr.——He dies, he dies.
Within upon his Couch he bleeding lies,
Just taken from a Bath, his Veins all cut,
From which the springing Bloud flows swiftly out.
He threatens Death on all that shall oppose
His Fate, to save that Life which he will lose.

King. Dear *Austria*, hasten, all thy Int'rest use.
Tell him it is to Friendship an Offence,
And let him know his Father's Penitence.
Beg him to live.——

R.Go. Since you've decreed my Death, know'twill be hard:
The Bath by me was poison'd when prepar'd.
I ow'd him that for his late Pride and Scorn.

King. There never was so curst a Villain born.
But by Revenge such Pains he shall go through,
As ev'n Religious Cruelty ne'r knew.
Rack him? I'll broil him, burn him by degrees,
Fresh Torments for him ev'ry hour devise,
Till he curse Heav'n, and then the Caitiff dies.

Queen. My faithfull *Henrietta*, art thou come
To wait th'unhappy Mistress to her Tomb?
I brought thee hither from thy Parents young,
And now must leave thee to Heav'n knows what Wrong.
But Heav'n to its Protection will receive
Such Goodness, let it then thy Queen forgive.

Henr. How much I lov'd you, Madam, none can tell;
For 'tis unspeakable, I lov'd so well.
A proof of it the World shall quickly find:
For when you die, I'll scorn to stay behind.

Enter D. Carlos supported between two, and bleeding.

D. John. See, Sir, your Son.

King. My Son? but oh! how dare
I use that Name, when this sad Object's near?
See, Injur'd Prince, who 'tis thy Pardon craves;
No more thy Father, but the worst of Slaves.
Behold the Tears that from these Fountains flow.

D. Carl. I come to take my Farewell, ere I go
To that bright Dwelling where there is no room
For Bloud, and where the Cruel never comes.

King. I know there is not, therefore must despair.
Oh Heav'n! his Cruelty I cannot bear.
Dost thou not hear thy wretched Father sue?

D. Carl. My Father, speak the word once more, is't you?
And may I think the dear Conversion true?
Oh that I could.

King. By Heav'n thou must—it is.
Let me embrace and kiss thy trembling Knees.
Why wilt thou die? no, live, my *Carlos*, live,
And all the Wrongs that I have done forgive.

D. Carl. Life was my Curse, and giv'n me sure in spight.
Oh! had I perisht when I first saw Light,
I never then these Miseries had brought
On you, nor by you had been Guilty thought.
Prop me: apace I feel my Life decay.
The little time on Earth I have to stay,
Grant I without Offence may here bestow.
You cannot certainly be Jealous now.

King. Break, break, my Heart——

D. Car. Y'ave thus more Kindness shown,
Then if y'ad Crown'd and plac'd me on your Throne.
Methinks so highly happy I appear,
That I could pity you, to see you there.
Take me away again: You are too good.

Queen. *Carlos*, is't you? Oh stop that Royal Flood;
Live, and possess your Father's Throne, when I
In dark and gloomy Shades forgotten lie.

D. Car. Crowns are beneath me, I have higher Pride:
Thus on you fixt, and dying by your side,
How much a Life and Empire I disdain?
No, we'll together mount, where both shall reign
Above all Wrongs, and never more complain.

Queen.

Don Carlos Prince of Spain.

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Queen. O matchless Youth! O Constance divine!
Sure there was never Love that equal'd thine;
Nor any so Unfortunate as mine. — }
Henceforth forsaken Virgins shall in Songs,
When they would ease their own, repeat thy Wrongs;
And in remembrance of thee, for thy sake,
A solemn Annual Procession make;
In chaste Devotion as fair Pilgrims come,
With Hyacinths and Lilies deck thy Tomb.
But one thing more, and then, vain World, adieu:
It is, to reconcile my Lord and You.

D. Carl. H'has done no Wrong to me, I am possesst
Of all, beyond my expectation Blest.
But yet methinks there's something in my Heart
Tells me I must not too Unkindly part.
Father, draw nearer, raise me with your Hand,
Before I die, what is't you would command?

King. Why wert thou made so excellently Good?
And why was it no sooner understood?
But I was curs'd, and blindly led astray.
Oh! for thy Father, for thy Father pray.
Thou may'st ask that which I'm too vile to dare;
And leave me not tormented by Despair.

D. Carl. Thus then with the remains of
(Life we kneel; } *D. Carl. and the*
May you be ever free from all that's Ill. } *Queen sink out*
Queen. And everlasting Peace upon you } *of the Chairs,*
(dwell. } *and kneel.*

King. No more: this Vertue's too divinely bright;
My darken'd Soul, too conversant with Night,
Grows blind, and overcome with too much Light:
Here raise 'em up: gently, ye Slaves, down, down,
Ye glorious Toils, a Scepter and a Crown,
For ever be forgotten: in your stead
Onely eternal Darkness wrap my Head.

Queen. Where are you? oh! farewell, I must be gone.

King. Blest happy Soul, take not thy flight so soon:
Stay till I die, then bear mine with thee too,
And guard it up, which else must sink below.

Qu. From all my Injuries and all my Fears,
From Jealousie Love's bane, the worst of Cares,
Thus I remove to find that stranger Rest.

Carlos, thy Hand; support me on thy Breast:
Within this Minute how shall we be blest!

D. Car. Oh, far above

What-ever Wishes fram'd, or Hopes design'd.
Thus, where we go, we shall the Angels find
For ever pressing, and for ever kind.

*Dies leaning
on her Bos-
som.*

King. Th'are gone, th'are gone, where I must ne'r aspire.
Run, sally out, and set the World on fire.

Alarum Nature, let loose all the Winds;
Set free those Spirits whom strong Magick binds;
Let the Earth open all her Sulph'rous Veins,
The Fiends start from their Hell, and shake their Chains;
Till all things from their Harmony decline,
And the Confusion be as great as mine.

Here I'll lie down, and never more arise;
Howl out my Life, and rend the Air with Cries.

D. John. Hold, Sir, afford your lab'ring Heart some Ease.

King. Oh! name it not: there's no such thing as Peace.

From these warm Lips yet one soft Kiss I'll take.

How my Heart beats! why won't the Rebell break?

My Love, my *Carlos*, I'm thy Father, speak.

Oh! he regards not now my Miseries,

But's deaf to my Complaint, as I have been to his.

Oh, now I think o'nt better, all is well;

Here's one that's just descending into Hell:

How comes it that he's not already gone?

The Sluggard's lazy, but I'll spur him on.

Hey! how he flies!

[Stabs R. Gomez.]

R. Go. 'Twas aim'd well at my Heart.

That I had Strength enough but to retort.

Dull Life, so tamely must I from thee part?

Curfes and Plagues! Revenge, where art thou now?

Meet, meet me at thy own dark House below.

[Dies.]

King. He's gone, and now there's not so vile a thing
As I.

D. John. Remember, Sir, You are a King.

King.

King. A King? it is too little; I'll be more,
I tell thee. *Nero* was an *Emperour*;
He kill'd his Mother: but I've that out-done,
Murder'd a Loyal Wife and Guiltless Son.
Yet, *Austria*, why should I grow mad for that?
Is it my Fault I was Unfortunate?

D. John. Collect your Spirits, Sir, and calm your Mind.

King. Look to't; strange things I tell thee are design'd.
Thou, *Austria*, shalt grow old, and in thy age
Doat, doat, my Hero: Oh, a long gray Beard,
With Eyes distilling Rheum, and hollow Cheeks,
Will be such Charms, thou canst not want Success.
But above all beware of Jealousie:
It was the dreadfull Curse that ruin'd me.

D. John. Dread Sir, no more.

King. Oh Heart! Oh Heav'n! but stay,
Nan'd I not Heav'n? I did, and at the word
(Methought I saw't) the Azure Sabrick stir'd.
Oh, for my Queen and Son the Saints prepare.
But I'll pursue and overtake 'em there.
Whirl, stop the Sun, arrest his Charioteer;
I'll ride in that away; pull, pull him down.
Oh, how I'll hurl the Wild-fire as I run!
Now, now I mount——

[Runs off raving.]

D. John. Look to the King.

See of this Fair one too strict care be had.
Despair, how vast a Triumph hast thou made?
No more in Love's enervate Charms I'll ly;
Shaking off Softness, to the Camp I'll fly,
Where Thirst of Fame the active Hero warms,
And what I've lost in Peace, regain in Arms.

{ Pointing to
Henrietta.

F I N I S.

THE

Don Carlos Prince of Spain

THE
EPILOGUE,

Spoken by a Girl.

Now what I think my Message hither means?
Yonder's the Poet sick behind the Scenes.

He told me there was Pity in my Face,
And therefore sent me here to make his Peace.

Let me for once persuade ye to be kind;
For he has promis'd me to stand my Friend.

And if this time I can your Kindness move,

He'll write for me, he swears by all above,

When I am big enough to be in Love.

Now won't you be good-natur'd, ye fine men?

Indeed I'll grow as fast as ere I can,

And try if to his Promise he'll be true.

Think on't; when that time comes, you do not know,

But I may grow in Love with some of you.

Or, at the worst, I'm certain I shall see

Amongst you those who'll swear they're so with me.

But now, if by my Suit you'll not be won,

You know what your Unkindness oft has done;

I'll ee'n forsake the Play-House, and turn Nun.